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DEVO

PEOPLE ARE STRANGE

MOLLY HATCHET

ROCK & ROLL GASOLINE

OLIVIA

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DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK

ADAM & THE ANTS

GOING IN STYLE

PLUS:

FOREIGNER
REO SPEEDWAGON
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GRATEFUL DEAD
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HIT PARADER

NUMBER 209
FEBRUARY 1982



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KISS

GO FOR BROKE

*Rockers Return
Stronger Than Ever:
He Who Laughs
Last Laughs Best*

by Charley Crespo

After years as America's hottest and most recognizable rock band, Kiss has done an about face. The original group splintered when drummer Peter Criss quit, after a year of rumors, to pursue a solo career. The New York-based band recruited a young Brooklyn-born drummer named Eric Carr, who until then had only played New York suburbs in unknown bands, and began plotting a world tour. The group, Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley, Ace Frehley and Eric Carr, returned to the U. S. just before Christmas, 1980, but rather than tour the States, they decided to lay low for the first time in their ten-year career. As this is being written, Kiss' only American concert since the massive 1979 tour was an unannounced concert at the Palladium in New York before 3400 screaming, stomping hard-core Kiss fans.

We caught up with Kiss' Paul Stanley and Eric Carr just before the release of the group's most adventurous LP, a concept album called **The Elder**. They'd just arrived in New York from Toronto,

where Kiss was remixing tracks. **Paul:** I think we've been in the public eye for so long, especially in the States, that at some point you have to take a break, at least in terms of personal appearances, press and exposure, and go explore other places. So, we were in Europe, then we did the biggest tour of Australia ever, which was really a lotta, lotta fun. After that, we figured now it's time to start planning. Rather than go back out on the road, which didn't really seem advantageous, we just decided to cut the next record and figure where we go from here.

At that time and even now to some degree, the market for concerts had been disastrous. Most groups didn't go out for quite a while and those that did go out were not selling out halls. That, with the factor that the album (KISS UNMASKED) wasn't as big a success in the States as some of our other ones, why go out? It wouldn't have been a smart move. I spoke to other bands. They weren't going out either.

I think the press tends to pick, you know, why isn't Kiss going

out, whereas if another band doesn't go out, people don't really think twice about it. It's basically the same thing when other groups three-quarter houses; the market's bad, but when we play to three-quarter houses, our career is over.

HP: Are you trying to say the press is picking on you?

Paul: I think for a long time the press felt slighted because they couldn't determine how our career was going. Most critics like to think they pass judgement with thumbs up or thumbs down, and when they gave thumbs down six or seven years ago and the band continued, I guess they felt less powerful, or maybe it put them in a more realistic position.

I can remember when people thought our career was waning and then *I Was Made For Loving You* was the biggest single we ever had. There's a certain kind of person that's saying, "aren't they gone yet?" Well, I guess we're not gone yet.

HP: So what's the present status of Kiss?

Eric: We're opening a chain of fast

Presenting the Kiss look of the '80s: Eric, Gene, Paul, Ace.





Drummer Eric Carr: "We're opening a chain of fast food stores."

food stores. No, we're finishing up the last details on *THE ELDER*. We initially started working on it seven months ago. We've been working on different sections in different places for most of the year because we wanted this to be a really special album. It is, it's square. (Laughs)

Paul: We wanted something different for us. We got together with Bob Ezrin (producer) again and that felt real good. We went out to a Japanese restaurant and drank a lot of sake and plotted the course for the next record.

HP: So what is *The Elder*?
Paul: It's a concept album. It has a thread running through it — and if you pull it your pants fall down. (Laughs) It's songs from a story that we've written. It's not the entire project, but ten or twelve songs from that project. The rest is yet to come. It's about an orphan boy who is chosen without his knowledge to become a hero. The project is being negotiated to be

turned into a film of some sort, having nothing to do with the band. Our job in it would not be to act; the band is merely telling the story.

HP: Who initiated the concept?

Paul: I don't really remember. We all sat around and just threw around ideas. I think the initial

***The Elder* is "a concept album. It has a thread running through it — and if you pull it your pants fall down."**

concept of *THE ELDER* may have come from Gene. What it became was quite different.

HP: Why did you decide to do a concept album at all?

Paul: We've done a lot of fuck me suck me songs and we thought we might like to go a slightly different

route.

HP: You mean this orphan boy isn't fucking and sucking?

Paul: We don't really get into that. My point is that we've done things in a similar vein for quite a while and at times we've done other things. *DESTROYER* wasn't really a standard Kiss album from my point of view. I think the lyric content was a little different.

When I say fuck me suck me, it's not meant derogatorily because we all do a lot of fucking and sucking. We want to make a similar type of music, but maybe make the angle of the lyrics different. In *Detroit Rock City*, instead of writing about a guy meeting a girl at a concert and going home and jumping on her bones, it was about a guy trying to go to a concert and getting killed in a car crash.

HP: Would it have been easier to forego the concept and write simple lyrics to the new music?

Eric: The nature of the songs and the way they were written, I don't



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think they would be valid any other way.

Paul: These songs were written specifically for this project, written for specific parts of the story. To approach them as anything but songs written for this project is ridiculous. I don't think we can imagine writing a different lyric.

HP: But wouldn't the concept get in the way of writing new songs?

Paul: It's not the Ten Commandments. It's not trying to raise anybody's level of consciousness to a higher plane. It's an album that I think you can sit down and do anything to, and I mean anything. We've never tried to educate or open our audience's eyes to something. We leave that to the philosophers of rock and roll. It's a fun album. It's certainly not somber, is it?

Eric: No, it's not. It has a lot of variations in it. It goes from very melodic, beautiful, classical kind of rock to very uptempo, good heavy metal. Since the songs are more or less describing part of the story of THE ELDER, each particular song reflects a different situation.

HP: What else have you guys been doing?

Paul: This album has really been

consuming most of our time. When we're not in the studio, we look for healthy releases. I don't know, trying to populate Toronto.

Eric: I did a wheelie with my car.

Paul: We go to clubs, see other bands, meet women.

HP: You're slated to tour the U. S. no sooner than February, after a tour of South America. Are you planning a big and extravagant

"The filth that I've kept under the rug has been so incredible."

stage show for your return to the U.S.?

Paul: We don't know yet. I think we can do a big and extravagant show, but the way we do it has to be different than it's been in the past. It's impossible to go out at this point with the type of show that we went out with before. If we were trying to compete with what we've done before, we'd have to bring the National Guard on stage with us.

Eric: It's still going to be big and

extravagant, but we're changing the emphasis of the show.

Paul: I think when we toured Australia, we had eleven semis. Nobody in their right mind — it goes to show how crazy we are. Eleven semi trucks ...

Eric: Yeah, Paul, but look at all the girls we got!

HP: Speaking of girls, Paul, what's this about you and Patti LuPone?

Paul: You know what I'm always amazed at more than anything? That the real dirt, I mean the *filth* I manage to keep out of the papers, you know? It's real interesting that sometimes people ask me if I'm trying to get publicity, and the filth that I've kept under the rug has been so incredible.

Eric: My life of shame ...

HP: We get a lot of mail about you guys. You get some love notes but you get a lot of hate mail.

Paul: I love it.

HP: Do you think Kiss is losing fans?

Paul: I don't think so. Now is not the time to ask. I really don't know. It's nice to see that a

certain amount of people hate us.

Eric: They're still talking about us.

Paul: I think it's great that people still have strong feelings. □

Although Kiss isn't talking about the details of their live show, you can bet that Ace has a few guitar tricks up his sleeve.





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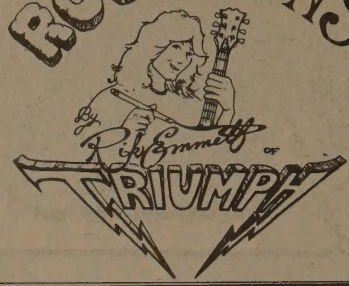
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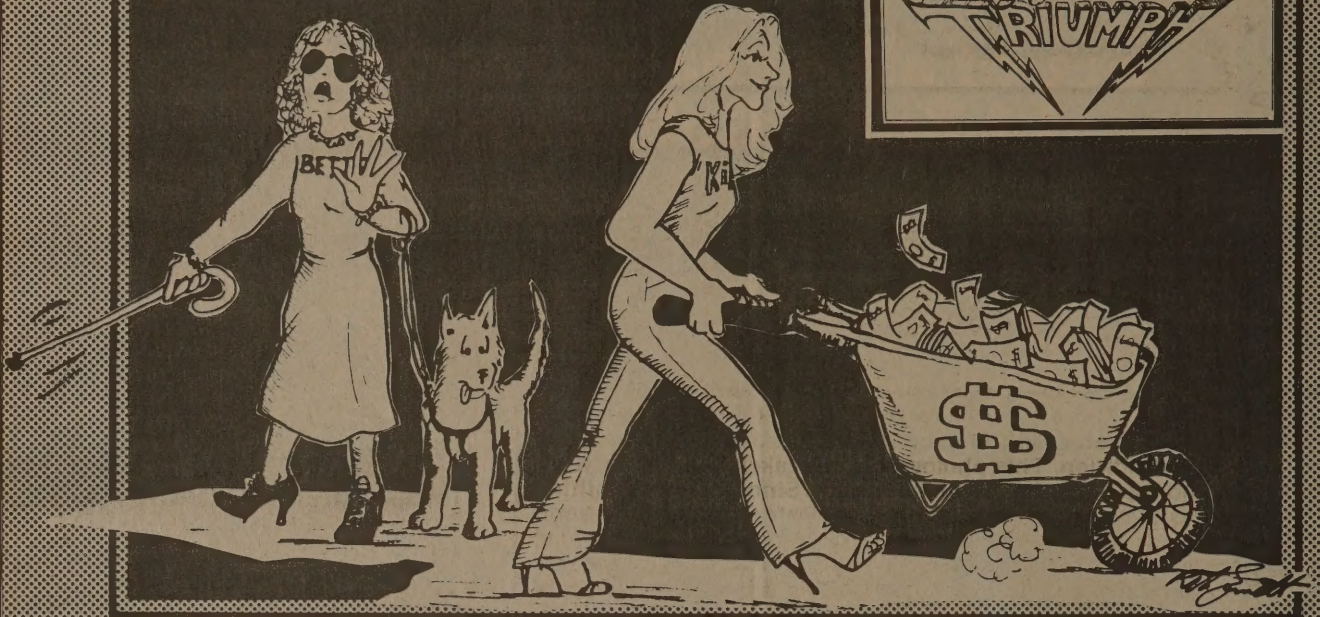
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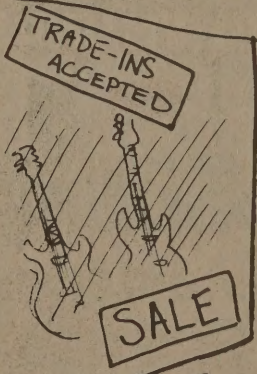
ROCK TOONS



...SHE'S GOT BETTE DAVIS' EYES!...



MUSIC STORE



...IT SURE WAS EXPENSIVE!!
BUT I GUESS IT'S WORTH IT!!!



WE READ YOUR *Mail*



Note to our readers: On page 37 of our October 1981 issue, we printed a photograph of Joey Ramone showing his face in a burned condition. This photograph was taken nearly four years ago, and Joey's face has long since healed. Since there was nothing in the caption to the photograph to indicate that the photograph was taken years ago, we would like to stress to our readers that the photograph does not represent Mr. Ramone's present appearance. We extend our regrets to Joey and his family and to any of our readers who may have found the photograph to be misleading.

Julie Thomson's letter (**Hit Parader**, Oct. 1981) was brief but to the point. I love Freddie Mercury and I think it's none of anyone's business what his sexual preferences are. Although I know he's not gay, it wouldn't make a difference to me either way. I'm on your side, Julie!

Lisa Innis
Grinnelli, Io.

Congratulations must go to Julie Thomson. Since Queen's early days, speculation on Mercury's sexual life have been the *in* thing for both rock critics and fans. In his 1975 biography of Queen, George Tremlett wrote, "No one could be more heterosexual than Mercury, who has been living with his girlfriend, Mary Austin, at their flat in Holland Park since the very beginning of his days at Kensington Market. I think that it was something that developed more or less accidentally, and it did get out of hand." All of this brings to mind something Mick Jagger said years ago, "gossip is always bigger than music."

Clint Ervin
Dickson, Tn.

The name Queen doesn't prove that its members are gay, nor does Freddie's prancing in ballet tights. That is just part of the act, part of the fun. You have to have a lot of

guts to go out on stage in tights in front of thousands of people. I've seen other guys like Dave Lee Roth of Van Halen go on stage in tights and no one says he's gay, and in a couple of pictures, he's had his arms around some other guy in Van Halen. People who are too dense to realize that stage costumes are just for fun and not to be taken seriously are pretty ignorant, because if you ask me, I think a guy wrapping his arm around another guy is a hell of a lot kinkier than performing in ballet tights.

Christine Grigg
Newcastle, Ca.

In response to Dave Cowles' letter concerning Ric Ocasek's lyrics, Ocasek's lyrics come nowhere near those of Pink Floyd's Roger Waters and Rush's Neil Peart, and they never will.

Chris Lauerma
Lansing, Il.

I'm sick and tired of hearing new wave put down. It shouldn't be put in a different category than rock. Punk classics like *Rock Lobster* by the B-52's and *Train In Vain* by the Clash should also be considered rock classics. Everybody's talking about the new sound, but it's still rock and roll to me.

Mark Pukalo
Canterbury, Ct. □

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that blows you
sky-high**

PABLO CRUISE

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Hard Workers Learn That Good Help Is Hard To Find

To many people, the name Pablo Cruise stands for good-time music — you know, sunny beaches, glistening ski slopes, drive-in movies. But, a closer look at the band shows a hard-working group of polished musicians dedicated to far more than the perfect party or endless summer.

"We've had that summer-time image for a long time now, but I don't think that's all we are," says Dave Jenkins, lead guitarist and the man whose distinctive voice is heard on the single, *Cool Love*. "Pablo Cruise is largely a romance music band."

"Everybody likes to ski and sail," adds Cory Leros, keyboards. "But people think we write a hit song, take the royalties and hang out in Hawaii. The fact is, we spend so much time in the studio that we don't have time for things like that right now."

Pablo Cruise labored 18 painstaking months making its sixth album, **Reflector**. Leros and Jenkins spent much of that time holed-up in a home recording studio, writing songs. "We discarded probably three-quarters of another album's worth of material," says Leros. "That's the first time we've ever done that."

Along with drummer Steve Price, Leros and Jenkins also concentrated on putting together a significantly tighter band. John Pierce (who attended the Berkeley School of Music in Boston and worked as a top Los Angeles session player with Alice Cooper and David Foster) replaced Bruce Day on bass. The band recruited guitarist Angelo Rossi, who once played with former

Pablo Cruise bassist Bud Cockrell.

But despite months of preparation, Pablo Cruise still wasn't quite ready to go into the studio. After auditioning countless producers, the band members had nearly resigned themselves to producing the album on their own. Then they met legendary producer Tom Dowd, whose credits include stints with Eric Clapton, Rod Stewart, Otis Redding, Aretha

Leros, Price and Jenkins, the three founding members of Pablo Cruise. The band formed in 1973, and released its first album in 1975. The instrumental cut *Ocean Breeze* in particular showcased some deft musicianship, as did *Zero to Sixty In Five*, a tune from their second album, **Lifeline**. Backed by a steady stream of live appearances, Pablo Cruise soon gained a strong following. **A Place in the Sun** came in 1977, and

Reflector has reinforced Pablo Cruise's position as one of America's most popular groups. The first single, *Cool Love*, has already climbed the pop charts and crossed over to both MOR and r&b audiences, and the rest of the album shows similar potential. The band hit the road this summer for an extended national tour with the Little River Band — good news for everyone who missed seeing the



Pablo Cruise isn't a guy, it's a band. From left: Angelo Rossi, Steve Price, John Pierce, Cory Leros, David Jenkins.

Franklin and Lynyrd Skynyrd. Dowd's considerable talents sparked Pablo Cruise into making its best album ever.

"Dowd wanted a harder sound," says Leros. "A lot of the tracks were cut in a live situation, with all five players in the studio recording at the same time. It was a full sound happening right from the start. Everybody was pushing harder."

That's nothing new for

that record established Pablo Cruise as a group with crossover potential. That double-platinum LP became a hit with FM, Top 40, MOR and r&b audiences alike. **Worlds Away**, the follow-up LP, yielded the hit tunes *Love Will Find A Way* and *Don't Want To Live Without It*, and also achieved double-platinum status. **Part of the Game**, the fifth Pablo Cruise album, gave us *I Want You Tonight*.

group in action during the past couple of years. But no one is more anxious to have Pablo Cruise on the road again than the guys in the band.

"I think Pablo Cruise is on the verge of becoming a total band for the first time," says Leros. "With the addition of John Pierce and Angelo Rossi, the group has assembled a lot of what we're playing as an ensemble more than ever. Everybody's contributing." □



HIT PARADER MINI-SERIES EXCLUSIVE

REO Speedwagon is on the road and in the studio so much that one assumes the five musicians all live together in an old fire station, where they slide down the pole and answer the call of rock and roll. But the heroes of **HI INFIDELITY** live in their own homes in and around Los Angeles, about 20 minutes apart. During a rare REO road break (actually singer Kevin Cronin's pulled hamstring), **HIT PARADER** visited each member in that strange hotel — his home.

At Home With REO Speedwagon

Part Five of a Series: Kevin Cronin

by Ed Ochs

Wreck of the Speedwagon is not a new REO album. It's lead singer/songwriter Kevin Cronin's life. He seems to be relaxed in the quiet comfort of his hilltop L.A. home (his wife Denise has taken daughter Christian and son Paris out for a while), but Cronin has become rock's answer to Don Knotts — another nervous wreck who shook his way to fame and fortune.

Cronin's nervousness was perfectly understandable. "Even though the tour ended about two weeks ago," says the jittery lead singer, "this is the first day I've had off and I'm doing an interview."

After eight solid months on the road, a torn hamstring cancelling REO's first few tour dates in 11 years, a stripped voice, a number-one album called **Hi Infidelity** and another contender on the way — Cronin was literally in the midst of moving home and hearth "out west a little bit, up in the mountains." If Cronin moved any farther west than he is now, he'd be living at

ocean's edge, and that's where you might find him — if he's not in the studio.

If Cronin does have Knotts-size knots, it's not because he can't find work. If he flips through conversation searching for right words, it's not because he lacks confidence. At heart, Cronin is a bubbling fountain, a bare wire burning at both ends, a complex personality hoping to create, surpass, exceed. Coming off the greatest year in REO's decade-plus history, Cronin often asked himself "Why?"

The answer? "I've only been on vacation one day! ... I don't quite know, but it's certainly a lot of hard work."

What does this whirling dervish do for rest? "Today I was sleeping. I haven't slept more than about four or five hours a day since I can remember, so I slept about seven

hours last night and it was wonderful. But my eyes are kind of at half-mast even now."

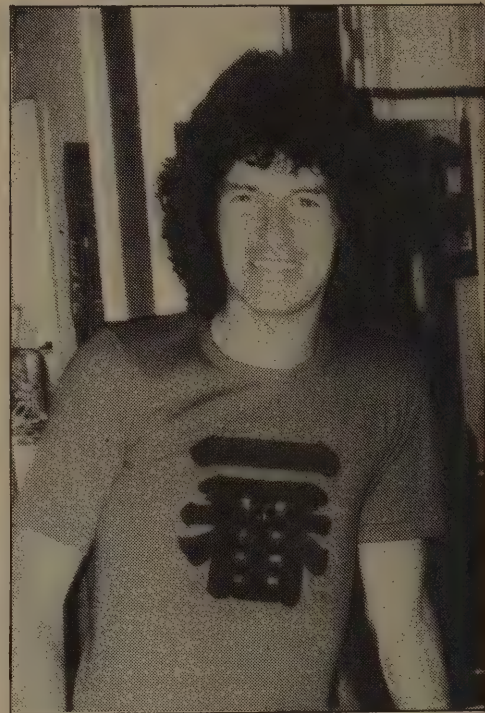
The last time Cronin escaped anywhere it was to Maui. Hawaii is where the band likes to wind down after a long tour and reunite with their loved ones. Even when he gets there, "It takes me a good three or four days of being almost nervous — not really nervous — just unsettled or something. Then about the fourth or fifth day or so, I don't know exactly, all of a sudden comes a feeling one day when I wake up and a calm comes over me and I just crash out at the beach.

"I'm pretty intense no matter what it is that I'm doing, even if it's getting home from a tour ... I get burnt out but I thrive on it too."

The latter is the reason why he scheduled studio work right after a tour, because "I needed it ... a debriefing ... like when an astronaut comes down from the moon, back from being bigger than life on the road to a human being again. It begins to take longer and longer."

Given some time to ponder the successes of '81, Year of the Speedwagon, Cronin is convinced that it was his mother's early advice to "smile and open your eyes" that inspired his rise to the top. "If there's any reason outside of myself that makes me who I am, putting myself out on a limb —

REO's lead singer Kevin Cronin practicing his mother's advice: "smile and open your eyes."



writing songs is like taking your soul and putting it in front of billions or millions of people. But to be able to do that I think you have to have a strong feeling about yourself, and you don't get that out of the clear blue sky. You get that from mom and dad giving you that strong encouragement when you were a kid. And I swear, if anybody had that I certainly did. They gave me so much I actually had a feeling that I wanted to share it."

Having penned *Keep On Lovin'* You, perhaps the top pop-rock record of '81, Kevin Cronin has some insight into how to write a good song. "All these people who tell you to lock yourself in a room," he scoffs, "bull. You can't write good songs that way, I don't care what anybody says. You've got to be living, and you've got to have things happening to you, and when the time comes for a song — I feel it, I get a stomach ache. I get nervous or something happens and then I pick up my guitar to ease my anxiety and something happens right there, and that's my way of doing it."

"Some people go out and get in a fight. Some people meditate, you know what I mean? Who knows! Some people play sports. I play the guitar and write songs." □

Roots

ROBBIE DUPREE

Each month, *Hit Parader* takes a rock artist back to the old neighborhood. This month, Robbie Dupree takes us to historical Brooklyn, New York. Dupree, who had two top-ten hits with *Steal Away* and *Hot Rod Hearts* and was nominated for a Grammy Award last year, is doing well with his recent album, *Street Corner Heroes*, a collection of songs that chronicle his youth, including those warm, dark nights in Brooklyn.

by Charley Crespo

"It's not beautiful," Robbie Dupree warned as we approached his old neighborhood in Brooklyn, N.Y. "It was never good, but at least it was a situation where if you knew everybody, it was okay. There was a time when this was a nice neighborhood."

East New York is a working-class neighborhood near the Queens border. In many ways, it's like any other neighborhood in any other town. Six-story apartment houses are lined up next to each other on some streets, one, two and three-family houses on others. Reconstruction has been minimal. Most of the old buildings look weathered rather than classic.

Years ago, according to Dupree, the neighborhood was alive and balanced good and destructive elements. Today, what was one of the main streets is lined with boarded-up and shuttered storefronts and weed-filled lots. Other main streets contain Irish bars, bridal shops, cheap luncheonettes and an increasing number of bargain shops. The neighborhood's pride is missing. The high transient rate in the past ten years has left the area with a lack of character.

"My neighborhood went into killer war 1959-63," Dupree recalled. "We lost and the neighborhood lost. The junkies took over. You couldn't go to the park anymore. The church closed because nobody went."

"Growing up here was exciting, it was good. It was really mixed, ethnically, racially, everything. It prepared me for a lot of what would happen later. I learned to deal with people. I didn't get a lot of book education, but it was like school all the time around here."

Pieces of the past are being chipped away slowly for Dupree, who left East New York in 1965 to move

to Manhattan and ultimately Woodstock in upstate New York, where he has lived for the past ten years. We were still able to buy sodas and ice cream at Long's Ice Cream Parlor, a major hangout during his years at Franklin E. Lane High School, but overhead, the elevated Crescent Street subway station was being dismantled. A "J" train would continue to roar fifty feet over the length of Fulton Street every 20 minutes, taking commuters to Queens and downtown Manhattan, but apparently the station wasn't used enough to warrant maintenance. Years ago, the station was where Dupree first started singing.

"It was hard to be on the streets at night because cops would kick you off," Dupree remembered. "It was kind of like a clubhouse. We didn't have backyards, we had the Crescent Street subway station."

"I get tempted to ring a bell," Dupree said after a pause, walking up a residential street. "Just to see if someone is still there, but I know they're not."

Dupree spoke of the concern and efforts by the community to curb the deterioration of the area. The last stop on the tour was the house Dupree grew up in, "just for kicks," Dupree said. We slowed up. The building had aged thirty years in the last ten. A "for rent" sign sat in a window. Outside on the stoop, about five people sat, talking. The house, smack in the middle of a residential block, now seemed like the central site in a ghetto.

"Garbage pigs," Dupree said with apparent anger. "Animals. Garbage animals," he nearly shouted as we drove away quickly. "My mother would die if she saw this."

"This was still nice in 1969," he said, looking out the window a block or two later. "It's a ghost town. It used to flourish." □



Robbie Dupree and his old High School: "We lost and the neighborhood lost. The junkies took over. You couldn't go to the park anymore. The church closed because nobody went."

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PROMISES IN THE DARK

(As recorded by Pat Benatar)

NEIL GERALDO
PAT BENATAR

Never again
Isn't that what you said
You've been through this before
An' you swore this time you'd think
with your head
No one would ever have you again
And if takin' was gonna get done
You'd decide where and when.

Just when you think you got it down
Your heart securely tied and bound
They whisper promises in the dark.

Armed and ready you fought love
battles in the night
But too many opponents made you
weary of the fight
Blinded by passion you foolishly let
someone in
All the warnings went off in your
head
Still you had to give in.

Just when you think you got it down
Resistance nowhere to be found
They whisper promises in the dark.

But promises you know what they're
for
It sounds so convincing but you
heard it before
Cause talk is cheap and you gotta be
sure

And so you put up your guard
And you try to be hard
But your heart says try again.

You desperately search for a way to
conquer the fear
No line of attack has been planned
to fight back the tears
Where brave and restless dreams
are both won and lost
On the edge is where it seems
It's well worth the cost.

Just when you think you got it down
Your heart in pieces on the ground
They whisper promises in the dark.

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set Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

OUTLAW

(As recorded by Riot)

GUY SPERANZA
MARK REALE

Down below the border
Robbed a bank in Mexico
Half crazed on tequila
Half a million in gold.

There's thunder in the ground
I can hear the sounds
A show down in the distance
They're gonna ride 'em down.

Bet your life on a silver ball
Spin it 'round the wheel
Will it land on the black or the red
Outlaw got no deal.

When he gambled with women
Kept an ace up his sleeve
Always got what he came for
Never placed it clean.

Then he was blinded by passion
Playin' in a game of fools
Thought she was lucky, thought she
was his best bet
Guess you find out when you lose.

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NO REPLY AT ALL

(As recorded by Genesis)

TONY BANKS
PHIL COLLINS
MIKE RUTHERFORD

Talk to me
You never talk to me
Ooh it seems that I can speak
But I can hear my voice shouting out
But there's no reply at all.

Look at me
You never look at me
Ooh I've been sitting, staring
Seems so long
But you're looking thru me
Like I wasn't here at all
No reply
There's no reply at all.

Dance with me
You never dance with me
Ooh it seems that I can move
I'm close to you
Close as I can get
Yet there's no reply at all
There's no reply at all.

I get the feeling you're trying to tell
me
Is there something that I should
know
What excuse are you trying to sell
me
Should I be reading stop or go
I don't know.

Be with me
Seems you're never here with me
Ooh I've been trying to get over
there
Ah but it's out of my reach
And there's no reply at all

There's no reply at all.
I get the feeling you're trying to tell
me
Is there something that I should
know
What excuse are you trying to sell
me
Should I be reading stop or go
I don't know.

Maybe deep down inside I'm trying
For no one else but me
Too stubborn to say
The buck stops here
It's not the one you're looking for
But maybe deep down inside I'm
lyin'
To no one else but me
Oh but my back is up
I'm on my guard
With all the exits sealed.

Listen to me
You never listen to me
Ooh and it seems there's no way out
I've been trying but we cannot
connect
And there's no reply at all
There's no reply at all
There's no reply at all
No reply at all.

Is anybody listenin' oh oh
There's no reply at all
Is anybody listenin' oh oh
No reply at all
Is anybody listenin' oh oh
No reply at all
Is anybody listenin' oh oh
No reply at all
Is anybody listenin' oh oh
No reply at all.

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THE JAM WAS MOVING

(As recorded by Debbie Harry)

BERNARD EDWARDS
NILE RODGERS

The order came directly from the
CIA
To start the following investigation
Find out what's the hidden power
lying in the grooves
That drives 'em crazy all across the
nation.

They found the jam was moving
Go head now, go head now
That makes the people keep groovin'
Go head now, go head now.

The agent who was sanctioned to
investigate
When he came home he found to his
amazement
He found his own children live on
colt 45
And they were rock hip-hopplin' in
the basement.
(Repeat chorus)

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SLIP AWAY

(As recorded by Pablo Cruise)

DAVID JENKINS
JOHN PIERCE
CHUCK LUTZ

I'm lookin' back over my shoulder
Thinkin' of years gone by
One more fool taking someone for
granted

How could I be so blind
And I didn't believe that you'd really
need me
When it felt so right.

I let you slip away from my love baby
I let you get away
I let you slip away from my love baby
I let you get away.

They say there's a reason
For all the pain in our lives
I guess I believe it's true
But where does that leave me
Now that I know the reason that I
lost you

I could have given you more
Could have loved you better
But I missed my cue.
(Repeat chorus)

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SAVE YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by Jefferson Starship)

JEANNETTE SEARS
PETE SEARS

Go on out and gain the world
But don't you lose your soul while
you're tryin'

Your truth is changin' ev'ry day
But your heart will let you know
when you're lyin'

Well you're runnin', runnin' from me
now

Runnin' like you've got a race to win
Now you tell me our romance is over
Time for you to start again.

Save your love and tenderness
Don't get lost in bitterness

Save the dreams you had when we
started

Do the things you have to do
But don't forget the love we knew
Don't lose your love 'cause we've
parted.

You say you can't tell right from
wrong

Confusion's pulled the reins tight in
your soul

You think it's gonna all make sense
That accomplishments are gonna
make you whole

Followin', followin' confusion
Runnin' from someone who looks
like me

Stop and take a look inside you
Now tell me who it is you see.
(Repeat chorus)

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HANG FIRE

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARDS

Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do.

Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do.

In the sweet old country
Where I come from
Nobody ever works
Nothing ever gets done
We hang fire
We hang fire.

You know marrying money is a full
time job

I don't need the aggravation
I'm a lazy slob
We hang fire

A hang fire, hang fire, hang
Put it on the wire baby
Hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Hang.

Hang fire
We got nothing to eat
We got nowhere to work
Nothing to drink
We just lost our shirts

I'm on the dole
We ain't for hire
Say what the hell
Say what the hell
Hang fire, hang fire
Hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Hang fire, hang fire, hang fire, hang
fire, hang fire.

Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do.

Hang fire, hang fire, hang fire
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Do do do do
Hang fire, hang fire.
Yeah take a thousand dollars
Go and have some fun
Put it all on at a hundred to one.

Hang fire, hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do
Hang fire, hang fire
Put it on the wire baby
Doo do do doo do do
Do do do do do do.

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TROUBLE

(As recorded by Lindsey
Buckingham)

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM

I really should be saying goodnight
little girl

I really shouldn't stay any more
It's been so long since I felt this way
I almost forgot what love is for.

I should run on the double
I think I'm in trouble
I think I'm in trouble.

So come to me darlin' hold me tight
Let your honey keep you warm
It's been so long since anyone
touched me
That I almost forgot what love is for.

I should run on the double
I think I'm in trouble
I think I'm in trouble.

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THE SWEETEST THING (I've Ever Known)

(As recorded by Juice Newton)

OTHA YOUNG

When I see you in the morning
With the sleep still in your eyes
I remember all the laughter and the
tears we shared last night
And as we lie here
Just two shadows in the light before
the dawn
The sweetest thing I've ever known
Is loving you.

Now you and I we're not children
We have both been loved before
We have given and we have taken
many rides on troubled shores
But all the heartache and temptation
Only make me love you more
The sweetest thing I've ever known
Is loving you.

And I have never been afraid of
losing
I have never wanted love to be a
chain

I only know that when I'm with you
You're my sunshine, you're my rain
The sweetest thing I've ever known
Is loving you.

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MY GIRL

(As recorded by Chilliwack)

BILL HENDERSON
BRIAN MacLEOD

Ever since she left me
I sure feel all alone
A little misunderstanding
I can't get her on the telephone
Hangin' out down on main street
Livin' in a different world
Hangin' around with the gang on the
corner
Talkin' about my girl.

My girl
She was the world to me
She's gone
Away across the sea
My girl
Is just a memory
She's been so long away.

She didn't have to leave me
She didn't have to run
She didn't have to go
Without a word to anyone.

I hope she's doin' all right
Got no way to know
Unless she gets to hear this song
Hear it on the radio.

Well I hope she gets the message
Gotta get her back you know
Gonna track her down
I'll find that girl
Gonna tell her that I love her so.

Put the word on the grapevine
Spread it all round the world
Sooner or later I know I'm gonna get
her
Talkin' about my girl.

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LITTLE T & A

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

**MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARDS**

She's my little rock and roll ah ah ah
Oh she's my little rock and roll baby.

The heat's raiding
Tracks are fading
Joint's rocking
Could be any time at all
But the bitch keeps bitching
The snitcher keeps snitching
Dropping names and telephone
numbers and all well.

She's my little rock and roll ah ah
Oh she's my little rock and roll ah ah
ah.

Dope dealing, dealer's squealing
The pools in but the patio ain't dry
Well the sense is sensing that the
juice keeps pumping

And I know why.

She's my little rock and roll ah ha
My tits and ass with soul baby
She's my little rock and roll ah ha
Oh she's my little rock and roll ha
You got to shock dem, show dem
She's my little rock and roll yeah
Shock, shock, shock, my my.

Well the sense is sensing that the
juice keeps pumping
And I know why hey
The bitch keeps bitching
The snitcher keeps snitching
Dropping names and telephone
numbers and all.

She's my little rock and roll ah ha
My tits and ass with soul baby
She's my little rock and roll yeah
You got to shock dem, show dem
She's my little rock and roll ah ha.

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WALKING WOUNDED

(As recorded by Taxxi)

DAVID CUMMING

You wanna see me bleed
To prove I really am
Exactly what you need
A sacrificial lamb
You wanna see a show
You wanna have some fun
Well I don't wanna stop
Now action has begun.

Though I'm still just as eager to
please
I'm walkin' wounded
But you can't get me down on my
knees
I'm walkin' wounded yeah.

You wanna set me up
You wanna clean me out
Another willing sucker
Don't know what it's about
You wanna test my nerve
You wanna squeeze me dry
I'll take what I deserve
And I'll be satisfied.

And I'll consider it no thanks to you
I'm walkin' wounded
Cos I'm closin' ranks with the few
The walkin' wounded yeah.

Though I'm still as eager to please
I'm walkin' wounded
But you can't get me down on my
knees
I'm walkin' wounded yeah.
(Repeat)

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WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

**FRANKIE LYMON
MORRIS LEVY**

Oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah
Oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah
Why do fools fall in love.

Why do birds sing so gay
And lovers await the break of day
Why do they fall in love
Why does the rain fall from up above
Why do fools fall in love

Why do they fall in love.

Love is a losing game
Love can be a shame
I know of a fool you see
For that fool is me
Tell me why
Tell me why
Why do fools fall in love.

Why does my heart skip a crazy beat
For I know it will reach defeat
Tell me why
Tell me why
Why do fools fall in love.

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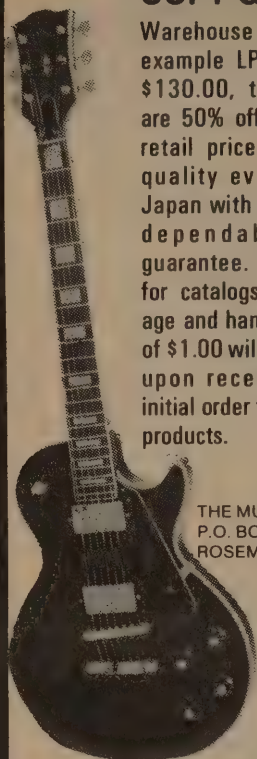
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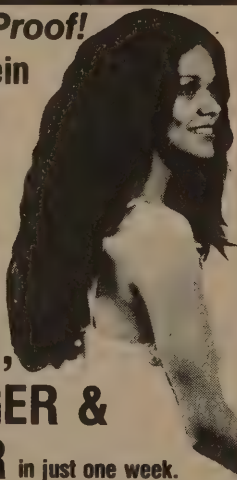
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AMERICAN MADE

(As recorded by Taxxi)

JEFFREY NEAD
COLIN PAYNE

Tight blue jeans
Burning seams
Hot-waxed car
Outside the singles bar
Pants pressed neat
Breath tastes sweet
Hair in curls
Just like the other girls.

You're a magazine creation
A spring sensation oh
It's just a dream
Baby you're American
(You're American)
Baby you're American
(You're American)
Baby you're American
(You're American)
You're American made.

TV eyes

Practiced lies
Sunset stares
As your AM blares
You attract
With your sultry act
Disco cruise in
Your high heel shoes.
(Repeat chorus)

Drink cappuccino
With new guy Gino
Life ain't cruel
'Cause you're no fool
Swallow a mandy
Chase with a brandy
That does the trick
That's LA chic.
(Repeat chorus)

Baby you're American
(You're American)
Baby you're American
(You're American)
Baby you're American
You're American made.

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SNAKE EYES

(As recorded by The Alan Parsons Project)

ERIC WOLFSON
ALAN PARSONS

Snake eyes seven eleven
Don't let me down boys
Gimme snake eyes seven eleven
Don't let me down tonight
No don't let me down tonight.

Just one minute more
Give me just one minute more
It's gonna be alright
It's gonna be alright.

If ya gimme just one minute more
Then I'll walk right through that door
It's gonna be alright
It's gonna be alright.

Snake eyes seven eleven
Don't let me down now
Gimme snake eyes take me to heaven

Don't let me down tonight
No don't let me down tonight.
Gimme one minute more
Gimme one minute more
Gimme one minute more
It's gonna be alright.

Gimme one marker more
Then I'll walk right thru that door
Gimme one more
Don't let me down
It's gonna be alright, alright, alright.

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STAR OF MY LIFE

(As recorded by Marlon McClain)

MARLON MCCLAIN
JEFFREY NEAD

I want to be there
When the sun lights up your eyes
Kiss you on your sweet lips
Fill you with desire.

Your touch, your tender touch
Makes it all complete
I could stay here forever
Your love so sweet yeah.

I want to be there
I want to be there

I want to be there
Be there when you smile.

We will laugh together
Sharing all the while.

Our love a special love
Seems to be so clear
You bring me comfort
And wipe away my fears.

You, you are the star of my life
Shining on me so bright.

Just keep shining
Shine your ever loving light on me.

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WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

OZZY OSBOURNE TALKS ABOUT HIT PARADER T-SHIRTS

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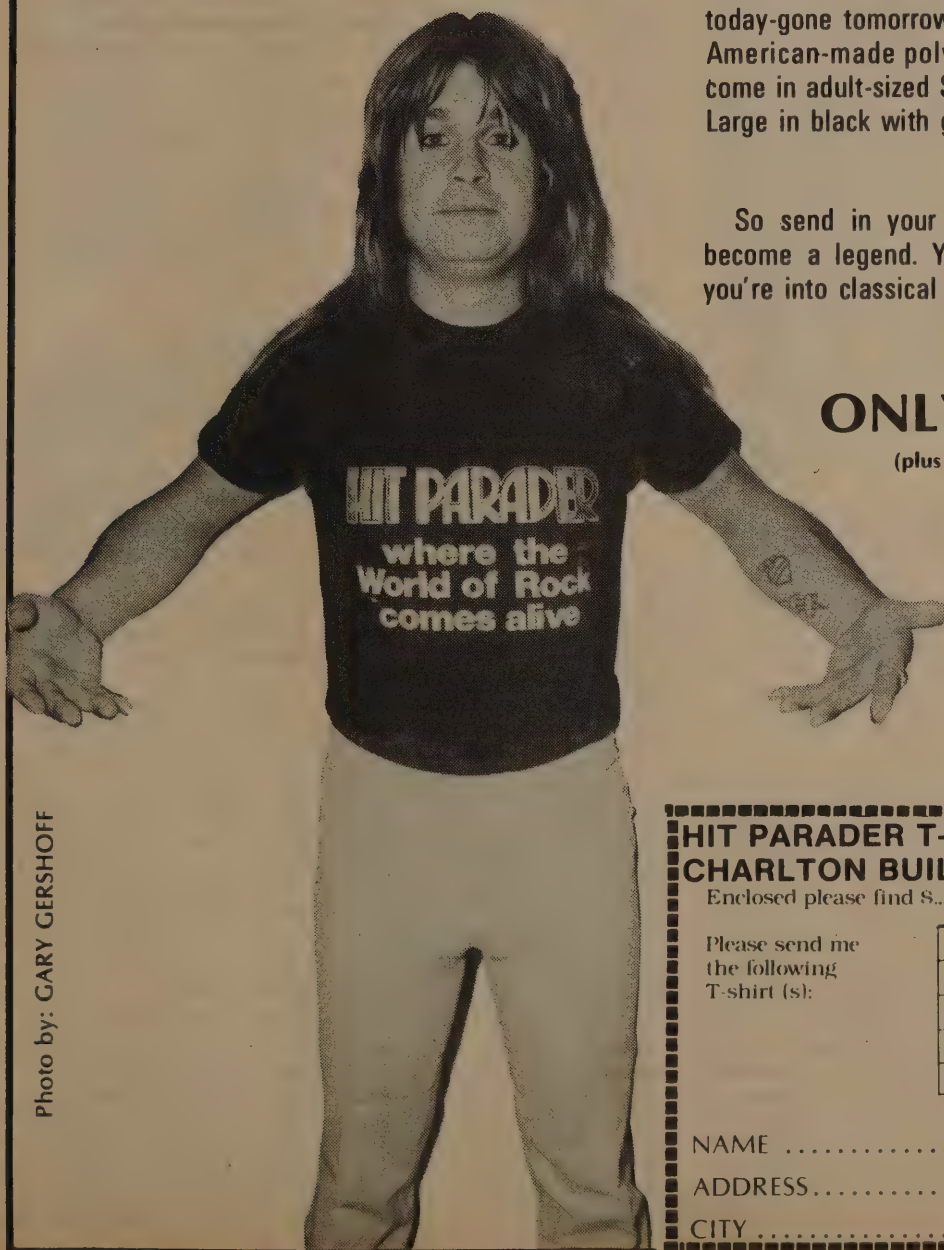


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Record Reviews

by Roy Trakin

Rolling Stones
Tattoo You
Kinks

Give The People What They Want

Twenty years in any career is a long time, but in the transient world of rock and roll it is even more remarkable. These two survivors of the '60s Golden Age in British Pop have rarely strayed from doing what they do best — playing straight-ahead, roots rock and roll by way of Chuck Berry. They've got a firm grasp of the pop medium and know well what it can and can't do. The Rolling Stones and the Kinks have always stayed relevant. Even in the throes of punk revisionism, their places in any pop pantheon are secured by the sheer accumulation of classic songs.

There's no real reason for **Tattoo You** to be as good as it is. From the sound separation, you know it was recorded in bits and pieces all over the place, a far cry from the all-in-one-room live quality that marks the Stones' best recorded work. But so has most every one of their elpees since **Beggar's Banquet**, and, surprisingly, it doesn't effect



the energy level one amp. The Glimmer Twins have figured out how to synthesize electricity as they rev up the generators on the opening cut, their radio single hit, *Start Me Up*. So what if they completely nick their own riff from *Brown Sugar*? Isn't Reggie Jackson allowed to hit two home runs using the same bat?

On **Tattoo You**, the Stones are a long way from the

pungent social commentary they espoused on *Mother's Little Helper* or *You Can't Always Get What You Want*, but Jagger does throw us some scraps of sensitivity on the balladic side two, a time-honored Stones ruse to elicit our sympathy. Damn it, it still works, too. Elsewhere, the Stones once again unabashedly plunder the rich storehouse of black American musical forms, utilizing renowned (and uncredited)



jazz saxophonist Sonny Rollins on a trio of cuts as a tantalizing reminder of what they're potentially capable of at any time. **Tattoo You** has no meaning other than itself. As always, the Stones have set the standard.

The Kinks are not standard-bearers in the same way as the Stones, but then they never pretended to be. Ironically, the ever-lovable, quirky Kinks are probably as successful right now as they've ever been in their long, peak-and-valley-pocked career. Ray Davies' past has finally caught up with him for good. **Give The People What They Want** is the fifth album in the Kinks' Arista career; they've grown into impressive arena-filling superstars.

The Kinks' latest LP is a return to the musical excellence of *Sleepwalker* — the band rocks with tongue-in-cheek abandon, building

an entire chorus in one number (*Destroyer*) around the crowd-pleasing chord progression in *All Day and All of the Night* and another on the lick from *Sweet Jane* (Yo-Yo). Thanks to feedback guitar pioneer Dave Davies, newly rejuvenated with his own solo career, the Kinks pull it off with surprising aplomb.

Still, while the Kinks are embraced by the great unwashed, they have been abandoned by the kultists. I believe this has to do with Ray's songwriting, specifically his lyrics, which have gradually become more Americanized, even while they retain the same age-old Kinks themes of survival, hope, transcending routine and poking fun at the middle class. On **Give The People What They Want**, the title track awkwardly tries to weave in the Kennedy assassination, a clumsy metaphor for the man who penned such eloquent pop songs as *Waterloo Sunset* and *Sunny Afternoon*. By becoming less English and eccentric, Ray Davies has become very popular. No one deserves it more, though the title of his latest album hits just a little too close for comfort.

Daryl Hall & John Oates **Private Eyes**

This eastern regional blue-eyed soul duo struck commercial paydirt with last year's **Voices**, which boasted four hit singles after almost faltering with the first, a questionably faithful cover of the Righteous Brothers' *You've Lost That Loving Feeling*. But Daryl Hall and John Oates learned a valuable lesson on **Voices** — not to rely on anyone other than themselves.

In taking over the production reins for the first time, H & O found the perfect ambience for their eclecticism; slick but unadorned arrangements that echoed

the philosophy of vintage Philly Sigma Sound or Motown Soul by taking a back seat to the melodies. It wasn't until you heard *Kiss On My List* or *How Does It Feel To Be Back* on the car radio that their two-dimensional quality began to make sense.

The confidence gained by the reception of **Voices** transfers to **Private Eyes**. Hall & Oates have always been tuned into black music, even when it was not so fashionable; it is no accident that their latest LP synchs so effortlessly with current musical trends. *Looking For A Good Sign* evokes *Ain't Too Proud To Beg* without suffering from the comparison while the harmonies of *Your Imagination* had to be inspired by Smokey's *Tracks Of My Tears*.



I don't know if there are four hit singles on **Private Eyes**. Truth be told, I didn't hear 'em on **Voices** either. But *Did It In A Minute* is the kind of hook (like *Kiss On My List*) that you only come up with when you're hot. Likewise with their pointedly withering parody of the Stones, *Some Men*. You've got to be hot to make fun of the Rolling Stones. On **Private Eyes**, Daryl Hall and John Oates are hot.

Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band **Nine Tonight**

This is arena rock at its least offensive. And you thought double-live albums were a no-no in the current soft market. On the face of it, there seems little reason for

this product's existence except to release the only previously unavailable track — *Trying To Live My Life Without You*, not even written by Seger — as a single. Still, even though most of **Nine Tonight** exists in studio versions, the sheer accumulation of classics strung end-to-end is impressive. This includes *Night Moves*, *Mainstreet*, *Fire Lake* and *Rock 'n' Roll Never Forgets*. There's a heroic professionalism at work here that nudges the mundane into the mythic, with refreshing under-rather-than-over-statement.



Tom Bert

Bob Seger's early-'70s breakthrough came with the **Live Bullet** album, which captured the desperate pleas of a man with one more chance to make it. Subsequent success has tempered Seger's "beautiful loser" image, but on **Nine Tonight** there is still the touching supplications of the perpetual underdog, always willing to please.

His new two-record set is a lot like Seger himself — warm, sincere, likable, but more than a mite redundant, too. Twenty years from now people will be wondering what a bar band was doing playing in a 20,000-seat hall. It's to Bob Seger's credit that he refused to alter his approach even as his following swelled. Too few rock performers can say the same thing.

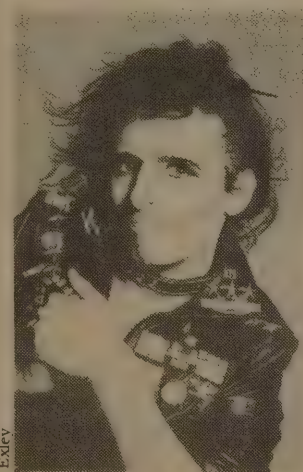
Alice Cooper
Special Forces
Iggy Pop
Party

Ex-bad boys, as a rule, don't age very gracefully so you can't blame either Iggy Pop or Alice Cooper for refusing to go gently and say

goodnight. Instead, these two influential rude guys have forged respectable careers out of, respectively, self-destruction and shock outrage, two of the major ingredients of the punk-rock revolution. Unfortunately, that upheaval has pretty much run its course, leaving the likes of Messrs. Pop and Cooper in a very tenuous position.

Alice Cooper long ago surrendered biting satire in favor of the broadest, most accessible caricature. Each new album trots out the obligatory pop culture image. On **Special Forces**, the motif is apparently a take-off on **Apocalypse Now** complete with buzzing helicopters and military uniforms, but it is not only irrelevant, it's at least three years out of date. The Alice Cooper of **Killer**, **Billion Dollar Babies** and **School's Out** was establishing trends, not pathetically ripping them off.

Even more shocking than Alice's loss of fashionability, though, is the decline in his music. The man who Bob Dylan himself once cited as one of America's best songwriters has been fishing for a style ever since he left his original group to go solo. **Special Forces** continues last year's rather sad foray into the rhythm machine rock of the DEVO crowd, **Flush The Fashion**. Certainly Alice's live shows are



Exile

brutal excesses in the idiom Cooper was once synonymous with — heavy metal. What happened? The two best songs on **Special Forces** are almost ten years old — Arthur Lee's *Seven* & *Seven Is* and a recent live version of *Generation*

Landslide, from **Billion Dollar Babies**. Well, Alice got his wish — he's now more popular for having played golf with George Burns than he is as a rocker. I guess he's lost most of the rest of his fans to Ozzy Osbourne.

Iggy Pop, on the other hand, has steadfastly refused to compromise and seems genuinely content



with his cult status. Trouble is, when the Ig was releasing one album every five years, they were events. The new, post-Stooges, prolific Pop, as professional as it may be, has a disturbing tendency toward the throw-away.

Party, his latest LP, tends to generalize Iggy's tragicomic thrust until it no longer seems distinctive. That aching voice and charming vulnerability remain, but trapped in a setting that is way too ordinary. Ig's been playing with a lot of different people over the last six years, but he truly needs that drive which only comes from collaborating with musicians who might be better than he is. As much as I admire the punchy Uptown Horns, guitarist Ivan Kral and ex-Mump Rob Duprey, they do not extend themselves on **Party**. Side two finally kicks in with the pelvic propulsion of *Pumping For Jill* and I, for one, like the covers (especially his version of the Outsiders' *Time Won't Let Me*), but **Party** doesn't seem to ever break a sweat. Still, even a conservative Ig's got more heart and soul than 99.9% of your average preening rock singers. Alice Cooper may have had the aspirations, but Iggy Pop has the character to become the Frank Sinatra of our generation. If he doesn't lose his rotting teeth first...

Nils Lofgren
Night Fades Away

I always have liked this itinerant Maryland-bred rocker, ever since I first saw him play a guitar with his teeth while flipping over backwards on a trampoline. He was discovered by Neil Young while just an impressionable pup and put to work as a keyboardist/vocalist on **After the Gold Rush**. He came out with a trio of tough/sweet, country-flavored rock and roll albums while part of a trio named Grin, which included his brother Tom. His subsequent solo career was a series of promising fits and faltering starts, his once-distinctive teen-angst complaints inflated beyond their subtle charms, and his record label tried to market him as a guitar hero.



Night Fades Away represents a return to Lofgren's talent as a catalyst, with a superstar cast that doesn't step on one another's toes. These include Elliott Randall, Nicky Hopkins and Jeff Porcaro. Producer Jeff Baxter directs traffic, cleaning and streamlining Nils' sound so that the guitar parts and vocals dominate, while still maintaining the density of a big-band feel. Lofgren's Holly-esque voice cuts through the clichés of self-penned tunes such as *Empty Heart* and *Streets Again* to tap the eternal pop spirit he strikes in winning covers of the Beatles' *Anytime At All* and Del Shannon's *I Go To Pieces*. Songs like these show Nils' marvelous loyalty to trebly romantic tradition; when Nils harmonizes with Shannon himself on *Pieces*, the result transcends Lofgren's fate as a post-Method contending in the torn t-shirt Springstakes and elevates him momentarily to the heroic stature he longs for. □

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

with The Plasmatics' Wendy Williams

Wendy Williams, lead singer of The Plasmatics, says she's very into heavy-metal these days, particularly Ozzy Osbourne, Judas Priest and a new English group called Demon. She has very strong feelings about what she calls "pseudo rock & roll."

Dedicated To The One I Love,
Bernadette Peters

I think if you're going to do a cover song, you've got to do it better than the original or make it decidedly different. I get tired of hearing the same music over and over again. It's a great song, but there's no need to do it again. She's also not doing anything for the image of women. Women need somebody up front taking a stand. She's just playing it safe with middle of the road. That's not what music is about; it's about taking chances. It's easy to go middle of the road, but I can't see her achieving any satisfaction from it, and I don't think anyone is going to get any satisfaction from listening to it. I'm just tired of cover songs. She's a good singer. Let's see her take some chances. Let's see what kind of woman she really is.



Laurie Paladino

Wendy Williams: "Rock and roll is an attitude, and I don't see any attitude in this record at all."

When The Second Feature Starts,
Blotto

I don't really understand it. I'm tired of wimpo rock and roll. Rock and roll is an attitude, and I don't see any attitude in this record at all.

Dumb Waiters, Psychedelic Furs

They've got an interesting sound. It's got a lot of humor. Too bad the pressing wasn't too good. I would have liked a wall of sound. I like to

be pressed up against the wall a little harder. It's stupid bullshit.

Sign of the Gypsy Queen, **April Wine**

Sounds like slick corporate rock which is not rock and roll to me.

Louie, Louie, **Barry White**

How many people have done this? It's really funny. It's a great conceptual piece. Don't say it's a great conceptual piece. Just say it's really funny.

Logs, Logs-A-Rhythms

She's an interesting poet. She has nice words. The presentation is much too arty. I can't listen to it for very long.

Lift You Up, **The Rockets**

I thought the Rockets was a rock and roll band. I thought it might be rock and roll. That's softer than soft rock. It has no edge at all.

Riker's Island, El Futuro

Great title. I wish the song lived up to the title. Prison to me is the most degrading thing that could happen to a person. There is a message and a system that could be conveyed with a title like that.

Heavy Metal (Takin' A Ride), **Don Felder**

I wish the music was as good as the cover and scratched your face off — hard.□

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Edward D. Konick

MOLLY HATCHET

ROCK AND ROLL GASOLINE

The Band That Keeps Jack Daniels In Business

by Andy Secher

Backstage at every Molly Hatchet concert is a huge chest of black drawers loaded with the various components needed to put on a rock and roll show. Each drawer is neatly labeled in red magic marker; guitar picks, microphone chords, drum accessories, etc. Then at the very bottom is a special drawer whose contents is marked in huge black letters. It reads simply, **ALCOHOL.**

"Ah mother's milk, life's blood," guitarist Steve Holland said with a cockeyed grin as he hoisted a quart-size bottle of Jack Daniels

into the air. "This is the stuff that keeps you going," he added with a sly wink. "This and a little lovin' every now and then. When you're on the road as much as we are, you need a few things that remind you of home, and nothing reminds me of home as much as a bottle of 'Jack Black.' Sometimes I think this band keeps ol' Jack Daniels in business. Every January we load as many bottles as we can onto our equipment truck and then we just keep touring until we run out. It's the only way to live."

Obviously Hatchet doesn't run out of what they jokingly referred to

as "rock and roll gasoline" too often. Since their formation in 1972, this hard-rockin' sextet from Jacksonville, Florida, has been averaging over 250 days a year on the road. Their persistence has been well rewarded, however, because with each of their first three albums selling in excess of one million copies, Holland and cohorts Banner Thomas, bass; Jimmy Farrar, vocals; Bruce Crump, drums; and guitarists Duane Roland and Dave Hlubek have emerged as the most popular Southern rock band in the world. Now with their new album, **Take**

©Steve Joester/TOPIX



Molly Hatchet, from left: Banner Thomas, Duane Roland, Bruce Crump, Dave Hlubek, Jimmy Farrar, Steve Holland.

No Prisoners, following its platinum predecessors to the top of the sales charts, it's apparent that Hatcher has managed to overcome the often derivative nature of their sound to retain their position as the latest standard bearers of the proud Southern Rock tradition.

"We really had to bust our butts to get here," Hlubek said as a slightly sinister smile creased his bearded face. "When you come from Jacksonville you've had to meet some pretty tough competition along the way. Over the last few years that area's produced Lynyrd Skynyrd, .38 Special and Blackfoot to name but a few, and that ain't too bad when you consider that it isn't exactly the biggest town on the map. I think that Jacksonville might be the best damn rock and roll town in the country right now, and Molly Hatcher's sure as hell done their share to make that claim come true."

While they have only been a major force on the rock scene since the release of their self-titled debut album in 1978, Hatcher's history actually dates back nearly a decade. Perhaps it would be best to let Hlubek tell the band's story in his own inimitable style. "It all really came together behind this bar in Jacksonville back in 1976," he said, as he brushed back his mane of long brown hair. "Steve (Holland) and I had gotten together a few years earlier, but you could say that we were missing that special ingredient that could really get our music going. Well, at that time Duane Roland was playing in another area band, and I guess we were the two guitar hot-shots in town," he added with a laugh. "Quite honestly, we hated each other's guts."

"Then one night after we had finished playing this incredibly hot set on the same bill, we ended up all alone and face-to-face in the alley behind the club's bar," he continued. "We just eyed each other for a few minutes and then kind'a said, 'O.K., this is it.' We had a real good ol' fashioned punch out, and after we had finished rolling around in the blood and the mud and the beer we both kind'a smiled and said, 'Hey man, you're awright. Instead of fightin' we really should be workin' together.' That's how Molly Hatcher really got its act together."

Once they managed to get their musical act "together," their rise to the top of the rock world was meteoric, with both their first and second albums (**Molly Hatcher** and **Flirtin' With Disaster**) flying to the top of the charts on platinum-coated wings. Despite their rapid success, however, a number of rifts soon began to appear in Hatcher's

seemingly impenetrable "heavy-metal" armor. It seems that original lead vocalist Danny Joe Brown had begun to question what he viewed as discrepancies in the percentage of publishing royalties going to the band's management. Before you could say "rock and roll," Brown found himself out of the band. Hatcher's manager, Pat Armstrong, insists that Brown's departure stemmed solely from his contracting diabetes — a disease which he indicates made it impossible for Brown to maintain Hatcher's hectic touring schedule. Brown, though, has a different tale to tell.

"I admit I was sick," he said before a recent appearance by his new group, the Danny Joe Brown Band. "I was losing 25 or 30 pounds every time Hatcher was on the road. But that I can assure you was something that both me and the band could live with. The real reason I had to leave Hatcher was because I stood up to our manager, who I thought was receiving more money than he should have. He was giving us the short end of a pretty long stick. I started to complain that he was gettin' more than he deserved out of the band, and he just turned around and said, 'Get lost boy, we don't need you makin' trouble.' I thought the whole band was behind me, but I guess they

"Every January we load as many bottles as we can onto our equipment truck and then we just keep touring until we run out. It's the only way to live."

showed a yellow stripe in the end. Before I knew it the management people had put out this smokescreen about how sick I was and that I'd have to leave the band because of medical reasons. I'll tell ya'," he added with a chuckle, "that experience kind'a soured me on rock and roll for awhile."

The members of Hatcher dismiss Brown's charges of mismanagement with a casual laugh, even though drummer Bruce Crump did add that, "we've gotten a few matters ironed out since then." It's easy for Hatcher to appear so unconcerned over Brown's assertions. The loss of a lead vocalist would spell disaster for most rock and roll bands, but Hatcher seems to have lost none of their commercial momentum following his departure. With the addition of Jimmy Farrar their next album, **Beatin' The Odds**, proved to



Lead singer Jimmy Farrar: "Then he told me that Danny wasn't with the band any longer, and it suddenly dawned on me that he was serious. It almost knocked me right on my ass!"

be one of 1980's most successful rock presentations, and now with **Take No Prisoners** also on a collision course with platinum certification, not only has Molly Hatcher survived their internal difficulties, but they've emerged from their problems stronger than ever.

"You wouldn't believe how I got this job," the portly Farrar said, as he searched for a clean shirt in the band's surprisingly large wardrobe closet. "I had sent a tape of the band I was in at the time to Pat Armstrong hoping that he could help us get a few gigs around the Florida area. I had no idea what was going on with Danny at the time. Well, a few days later I got a phone call from a guy who very casually said to me, 'How'd you like to sing with Molly Hatcher?' It was Pat, and at first I thought he was kidding. But then he told me that Danny wasn't with the band any longer, and it suddenly dawned on me that he was serious. It almost knocked me right on my ass! I don't know exactly how long it took for me to answer him," he said with a laugh, "but I can assure you that it wasn't one of the hardest decisions I've ever had to make. Since then things have been better than I ever could have hoped for. The crowds have been great wherever we've played, and the records have been selling real well. I think Hatcher's improved over the last few years, and the new record's by far the best thing we've ever done."

On **Take No Prisoners**, Hatcher has further refined the raw, metallic boogie sound that has

"I thought the whole band was behind me, but I guess they showed a yellow stripe in the end."

always served as the foundation of their commercial appeal. With the triple guitar attack of Hlubek, Roland and Holland leading the way, on songs such as *Bloody Reunion* Hatchet has once again shown that their high-velocity sound packs the wallop of a loaded .45. Their style occasionally relies too heavily on the "whiskey and women" lyrical clichés and hackneyed three-chord riffs that have made them "the poor man's Lynyrd Skynyrd" in the eyes of some, but on **Take No Prisoners** Hatchet has displayed enough

around, but the fact of the matter is that they're in the past and we're in the present. I think that with **Take No Prisoners** we've shown that we don't have to take a back seat to anybody. On this album we've just tried to keep playin' Molly Hatchet music. We're not the type of band that feels the need to change their direction every time we go into the studio. We like the music we play — I don't know how many bands can honestly say that they get off on the stuff they play, but we sure do. We just want to keep making albums, and then

writing the songs as well as performing 'em, and because we have a bunch of good writers, we have a lot more flexibility than bands who just depend on one or two people to write all the material. With Hatchet every song and every concert is approached like it's an adventure. That kind of style keeps everything real exciting. When you tour as much as we do, you have to maintain that sort of philosophy 'cause if you allow the shows to become routine, man, you're just kidding yourself. Those people out there can spot a band that's just goin' through the motions from a mile away. That's one thing that'll never happen to us."

Obviously rock audiences everywhere have sensed Hatchet's musical commitment, and they've returned that dedication by making the band one of the most successful touring acts in America. In this recession-plagued year, when many of rock's most stellar attractions have found difficulty selling tickets to their shows, Hatchet has proven virtually "recession proof." Over 90% of their available tickets are gobbled up by rock fans from Albany to Anaheim. While living out of a suitcase for ten months a year is far from the easiest of lifestyles, as Farrar indicated, "Hatchet wouldn't have it any other way."

"That's the way this band has to operate," he explained. "We're a band that would rather be playing on stage than doing anything else — and I do mean anything. There's enough time when we're all old and grey to sit around and take it easy. To us music's what life's all about, and music isn't making records as much as it is just getting on stage and playing away. I worked with a lot of bands for a lot of years to try and feel that special rush when you stand in front of 20,000 screaming fans. That's just got to be the greatest feeling in the world. You can feel that energy come out of the audience and hit you on stage. It's our job to return that energy by rockin' our asses off as hard as we can. It seems like a pretty fair arrangement to me," he said with a laugh. "I mean all this kind of music's ever been about is the transfer of energy, and I like to think that Molly Hatchet has as much energy as any band that's ever played. Right now all we want out of life is the opportunity to rock and roll whenever and wherever we can. That's what Molly Hatchet will always be about." □



Backstage after a show, that's Billy Joel, Dave Hlubek, Ted Nugent and Mickey Gilley.



Molly Hatchet's Dave Hlubek and Duane Roland in action: "I guess we were the two guitar hot-shots in town. Quite honestly, we hated each other's guts."

musical ingenuity and pure rock and roll energy to dispel any doubts concerning the originality of their approach.

"We've worked hard to create our own sound in this band," Hlubek explained with a touch of annoyance. "I'm sure a lot of groups from our neck of the woods share quite a few musical roots. We all admired Skynyrd when they were

hitting the road to bring the music we love to the people."

"This sure is a special record for me," Farrar chimed in. "Obviously I wasn't involved with the band's first couple of records, but as far as I'm concerned there's no question that this is the strongest and most consistent album of Hatchet's career. We all get involved with

© Gary Gershoff

Sometimes it's funny how quickly yesterday's alleged avant-garde becomes today's Cheez Whiz. In 1978, when they released their first album, Devo appeared almost deviant — at least to the uninitiated. Reasonable people may have always been able to see through their silly talk about "futurism" and understand them as cute, funny and harmless — everything that should be immediately popular. But a mere three years ago even that seemed left of center to the neanderthal record companies.

With their third LP, 1980's **Freedom Of Choice**, Devo helped the world catch up to them by slicking up their sound with more conventional dance beats and hooks. Today the band's current sound, and even their earliest work, can be recognized as safe for everyone's consumption — which hasn't stopped it from being tasty. Although it's acceptable to mass taste (**Freedom Of Choice** went gold, remember), it is definitely not dull.



PEOPLE ARE STRANGE

"A Lightning Rod For Negative Energy"

by Jim Farber

And now, with the rock-disco new-romantic bands from England, the danceable Japanese electronic outfits and even a right-wing organization like Styx taking a cue from *Whip It* in *Too Much Time On My*

Hands, Devo's "future" has become a quite wide-spread present.

Their latest album, **New Traditionalists**, may not be "traditional" but it's hardly "new" either. "At one time Devo was ahead of every-

body," Mark Mothersbaugh admits. "But the world is devolving at a really fast rate. People are realizing they *are* Devo and that it's time to mutate."

The thing which broke Devo was, as usual, radio. It was hard to get on the airwaves at first, since the band has a sense of humor, always a stumbling block in a marketplace that favors sourpusses like Journey or Foreigner. "I knew all along that if Devo got airplay and if the kids were able to hear the music they'd get off on it," says Mothersbaugh. "This is the first time Devo's been allowed, by the powers that be, to get on the radio."

At first their record company was cynical about their marketability as well. "I read an article where someone from Warner Brothers was saying, 'for every Rod Stewart we sign, we sign a couple of losers like Devo or Captain Beefheart.' That was four years ago. That was their attitude. They certainly were n't believers in the vision."

To try to get the record company to take them

Devo is Mark and Bob Mothersbaugh, Jerry and Bob Casale and Alan Myers. But don't ask us which is which, 'cause they've devolved so much we can't tell them apart.

©Jeffrey Mayer



more seriously, Devo moved to L.A. — home of W.B. — two years ago. "If we hadn't moved to L.A. we probably wouldn't exist as a label act," Mothersbaugh explains. "We virtually manufacture all our own ads. We try and keep as much control as possible over our image as it goes out. If we weren't in L.A. it would be a lot more messed up than it is."

When the band first left Ohio for L.A. they had just released their second LP, **Duty Now For The Future** — a commercial dud. "Devo went into the future while other bands and the public took an about face in '79," Mothersbaugh says in explanation. "They all got into revivalism and Elvis Costello and the sixties and the good old days while Devo was interested in Brave New World. Because of it, the second album didn't fare very well with the public."

Generally, critics didn't like Devo's second LP either, but many were equally unimpressed by the commercially successful **Freedom Of Choice**. "We've always been a lightning rod for negative energy," Mothersbaugh says. "Hippies are made especially uptight. It's because we represent an organized energy that doesn't necessarily push the 'Me Generation' and 'conspicuous consumption' and taking up lots of space and the selfish attitudes that were taken up by the sixties generation."

If Mothersbaugh's reasoning strikes you as a tad ludicrous, well, this is exactly the sort of pseudo-intellectual babble that got certain critics so pissed-off in the first place. On a more positive note, Devo should be given credit as early pioneers in the massive video trend that now has a stronghold over the rock clubs. Devo's earliest films are still better than 98% of the fluff that's come in their wake. "People actually made literal cops off all the things we did in our first films," Mothersbaugh explains. "Since then we've changed our mode and picked up new techniques. But most of the videos out there are mindless ... I'm still waiting for video

watches where people can tune in and get a live Devo concert broadcast on their wrists."

Along with videos, Devo was one of the first semi-electronic rock dance bands — back in the Studio 54-dominated days when Hurrah in New York began switching from straight disco to new rock. It was Kraftwerk, of course, who first pioneered the electronic rhythmic style in the mid-seventies. (Giorgio Moroder then made it sexy.) Today, since

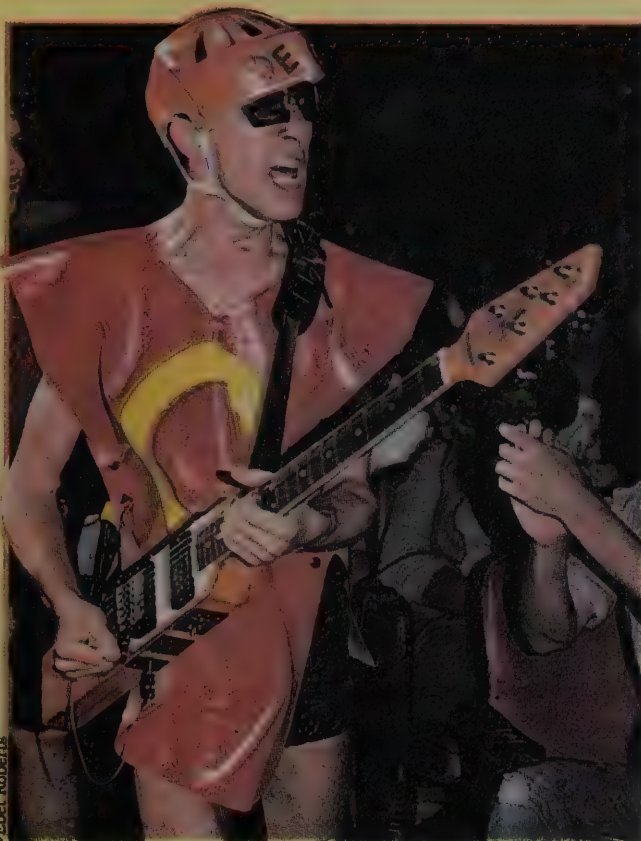
the same thing as hippies back in the sixties, going through second-hand stores and picking out bandleader uniforms and cowboy outfits. There are strong points to new romanticism. But for the most part it doesn't look like it has a very long shelf life."

Of course, new romantics have about as much to do with hippies as Ronald Reagan does with Donovan, but when you're claiming to be "futurists" it helps to put everyone else in the

ple are finding new ways to misuse equipment."

From Japan there's also a lot of new synth dance-music, headed by YMO, The Plastics and Earthling. "It makes more sense than techno-music coming out of Italy," Mothersbaugh reasons. "All the factory and precision machines come out of Japan and Germany."

The song which best sums up Devo's human philosophy — not their excessive, sometimes charming, bullshit theorizing — is *Through Being Cool*. The song is an intentionally ambiguous look at people who are grouped in factions — all regarding each other as ninnies and twits.



New Traditionalists is designed to protect us from the Ninnies and the Twits.

these now standard synthesized DOR effects are used by many new romantic bands — like Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet, or Visage — one has to wonder what relation the title **New Traditionalists** bears to the "romantic" trend. The Village People, who are currently trying to pass themselves off as part of that trend, have even gone so far as to rip off Devo's *Whip It* in their song *Action Man*. But Mothersbaugh claims the LP's title is in no way a comment on the movement. "New Romantics are just hippies one more time," he says. "It's

past tense. Outside of the new romantics, there's an awful lot of dance-rock gimmicky effects going around these days. It seems like whip-cracking sounds and synth squiggles are everywhere — from The Cars to Kim Carnes' *Bette Davis Eyes*. Beyond this, certain albums are beginning to sound almost like Atari Space Invader games — such as Kraftwerk's **Computer World** or Lene Lovich's **New Toy**. "I think a lot of kids just hang around in pinball arcades for the sound," says Mothersbaugh. "I like a lot of what's happening. Peo-

"If Devo got airplay and the kids were able to hear the music they'd get off on it."

It's a rebellion against the status quo of the small town (which forces "outsiders" to leave), and also against the big towns (which allow "outsiders" to group together and become either invisible or merely tolerated). It's yet another way of saying we are indeed all Devo. "There are billboards in L.A., the whole city's covered with them," Mothersbaugh says. "They say, 'We All Grew Up To Be Cowboys.' It's somebody's promotion gimmick. The sad fact is that we *didn't* all grow up to be cowboys. And I know there's a lot of people who feel our way."

That's the best of Devo talking — a realization that we are all mutants, and too many of us spend too much time pretending to be "normal." Their weapon against it all is the cynical wit of a song like the new *Beautiful World*, which camps on the shopping mall-false "healthiness" of our lives. Devo may not be "the future" but they do offer a somewhat heartening worldview and some good entertainment to go along with it. And in its own wiggly way, that ought to be enough. □

SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK STAR?

Making Your Mark With A Videotape

by Janel Bladow

Rock musicians and record companies have embraced the video revolution so enthusiastically that now sight overwhelms sound. Groups are as concerned with looks and style — the visuals — as they are their music. Cable TV, meanwhile, is programming entire stations dedicated to rock. According to Steve Kahn, RCA's Director of Video Productions, popular music has become visual as well as aural.

Every supergroup has a tape and TV plays them so frequently they've just about lost their appeal. Still, classics like David Bowie's *Ashes* to *Ashes* will live on in rock video history.

How important is a videotape? How much should you spend? What do you include? And, once you have one, what do you do with it?

To answer these questions, **Hit Parader** went to two pros in the field — Ed Steinberg, who started Soft Focus Productions/Rockamerica, a video production company that leases tapes to clubs and colleges; and Carolyn Baker, director of talent and acquisitions for MTV, Warner Brothers' new all-music cable television network. While Steinberg makes and distributes tapes, Baker purchases and/or borrows them to air.

"Before making a tape," begins Steinberg, "you have several decisions to make. I suggest you decide what the tape will be used for — getting club bookings, showing during performances, broadcasting on television." That initial factor helps you make the decisions — what song to record and how much to spend.

The first level tape, for bookings, is real simple — the band performing its strongest song — and not intended for public display. "If someone's family has home video equipment or is taking a course, he can record the group," says Steinberg. It shouldn't cost over \$50.

Next, Steinberg says, is a bit more sophisticated tape, although still not broadcast quality. Often a local cable program will sell or give a band a copy of the three-camera tape made during its performance.

A third tape is for public display, that is, it can be shown in video clubs, but shouldn't be produced until the band is sure of its image and sound. It also requires putting down some money, although quality tapes have been made for as little as \$100. However, Steinberg says, "the larger the budget, the more creativity, the better the tape reflects on the band." Baker adds this type tape is increasingly used to gain a record contract, whereas record company representatives used to go to clubs in various cities to check out acts.

The fourth, and final stage, the Bowie, Spandau Ballet and Paul

make tapes, particularly those people who made the club's tapes you like. Also, go to local record/video stores, and note the production credits on those cassettes.

Tapes should play under 4-minutes, the standard running time for a single. Sound should be top quality (after all, that's what you're selling) and stereo is best. It should be a clean, clear track, able to be played over a club's system. If you're lip-syncing to an album track (which most bands do), match lip movements to words accurately.

Tapes should be standard 3/4-inch



Critics agree that David Bowie creates the best videotapes in the music business.

McCartney-quality, require money, knowledgeable production, and camera and sound people. "A broadcast tape can run between \$2,000 and \$15,000. Duran Duran spent \$120,000 on *Girls On Film* but who needs it?" says Steinberg. Baker, who shows these tapes, agrees, adding that a quality tape can be made for as little as \$5,000 but averages \$10,000.

If you aren't signed to a record company, which has access to top videomakers and production teams, there are two steps to take. First, ask club DJs about area people who

cassettes and the band should always retain all rights to every tape made. Once you are successful, you don't want an unauthorized tape surfacing which might not reflect your image or quality.

Now, if you have a tape you're proud of and want it aired, send a copy to Carolyn Baker, Director of Acquisitions, MTV, 1133 Avenue of the Americas, New York City 10036. She will be happy to view it. The network which goes to 1.5-million homes has already broadcast unsigned groups like Blotto and Boot Camp. You could be next. □

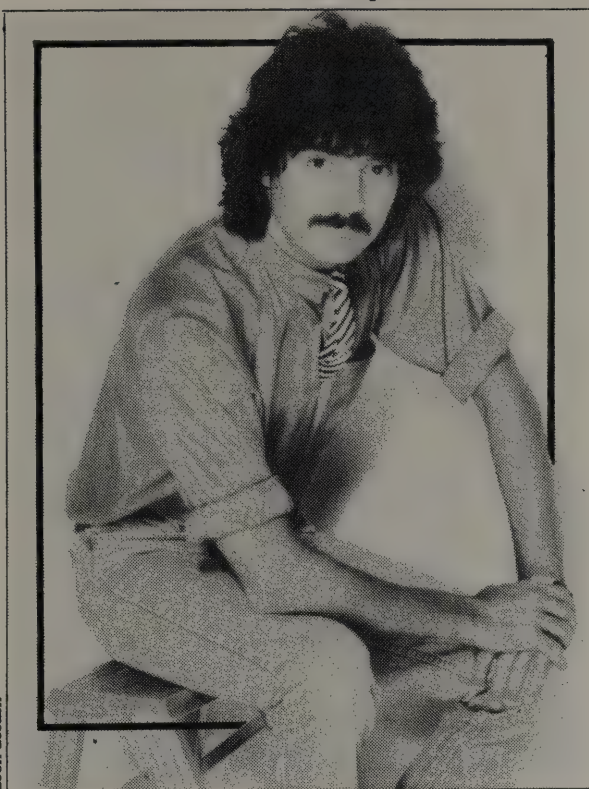
It's ten A.M. on a Monday morning and Mickey Thomas has just arrived in New York on the "redeye" night flight, but the Jefferson Starship vocalist seems bright and cheerful. Why not? In the past four years, his unmistakable tenor has graced a major hit for the Elvin Bishop Band (*Foiled Around and Fell in Love*), he has become a major element in the Starship's fuel and has propelled his own recent **Alive Alone** LP. His white sport shoes bouncing merrily beneath the table in the record company conference room, Thomas projects a joyful confidence and the graciousness of his Georgian roots as he talks about his solo flight.

"I was signed to do the album about two-and-a-half years ago, before I even joined the Starship," the soft-spoken rocker begins. At that time, fresh from his involvement with Bishop's group, he'd made an agreement with producers Bill Szymczyk and Alan Blazek to work on a solo project. But then Paul Kantner called to ask Thomas if he'd like to join the Starship crew. "I didn't know him or anybody else in the Starship," he continues, "so it came as a big surprise." Szymczyk was about to go into the studio to produce the Eagles' **Long Run**, so Thomas decided to take Kantner's offer and let his solo work sit for a while.

It wasn't long before the new Starship took off with the hit **Freedom at Point Zero** LP and Thomas' position was confirmed, not simply as a replacement for the departed Grace Slick and Marty Balin, but as a vital component of the group's sound. "We were fortunate enough that the first album I did with them had a hit single, *Jane*," he admits, "so it took a bit of the heat and pressure off, and the audience was more readily acceptable to the changes in the band."

What with Thomas' increasingly hectic Starship schedule and his producers' other projects, the solo album had to be fit into "the spots and spaces"

Mickey Thomas: Jefferson Starship is "more interesting to look at with Grace up there."



Leon Lecash

MICKY THOMAS

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Vocalist Won't Give Up The Starship While Juggling Solo Trip

by Marianne Meyer

of their working lives and was recorded in Florida during about three months spread over the last year and a half. They had plenty of time to rethink as they went along, and to hear the mustachioed vocalist tell it, "it probably did change from beginning to end. When we first started talking about it, we approached it from

the idea of doing a blue-eyed soul singer kinda thing, because that was mostly what my musical experience had been like. But then, having spent about a year on the road with the Starship, and with my own tastes changing, it was more in a rock and roll vein by the time we started working on it."

Alive Alone's songs range from the exuberant pop of *I Don't Wanna Talk About It* to the R&B ballad *This Time They Told the Truth* and feature sharp rock support from players like Eagle Don Felder and Starship guitarist Craig Chaquico. Considering himself "an interpreter rather than a writer," Thomas listened to reams of material to pick the ten tunes covered on the album and, laughing, confesses to having heard "a lot of crappy songs" before making his final decisions. He would, however, like to do more writing himself in the future and is preparing at least one song for possible inclusion on the next Starship LP.

Beyond that, he's waiting to see how the album fares before worrying about any solo concert appearances, or about the need to decide between his group and an individual career. "Maybe I'll reach a point where I'll have to make a decision on whether or not I want to be a part of the Starship or continue making solo albums or do something that's totally apart from both of them," he muses, "but I don't see that decision having to be made right now."

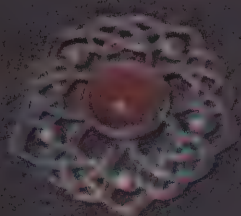
One gets the clear impression that Thomas is genuinely comfortable with things as they stand right now. He quickly denies that Grace Slick's return to the Starship, which might have seemed threatening to the younger vocalist, caused him any real concern. In fact, he says, "since Grace has rejoined the band, I feel a lot more comfortable 'cause we share the burden now. She was away for two years, which gave me a chance to really sit-in with the band and establish my place in it. So now I feel very secure in the band 'cause it feels like Grace *should* be there. She's always been such a big part of the Starship and she should be."

"And," Thomas concludes with another easy-going laugh, "we're more interesting to look at now with Grace up there. I'm quite happy she's back." □



HIT PARADE

ИСТОРИЯ ПЛАТ



ИСТОРИЯ ПЛАТ



Pick Hit THE GO-GO'S

The Girls Can't Help It If They've Got The Beat

by Charley Crespo

"I can't believe it. I'm sitting here looking at the bags under my eyes," Charlotte Caffey said with a sweet laugh. "I'm *really* tired," she added, stretching each word for emphasis.

After kicking around the Los Angeles club circuit for almost four years, the Go-Go's hit the road and sheer unadulterated fun prevailed. Caffey, the pop rock quintet's lead guitarist, sat in a small motel room in Lawrence, Kansas, getting ready for a concert but wishing she'd gotten more sleep. For opportunities like this, she'd given up jobs in Woolworth's, a priest's rectory and a hospital.

Across the room, Kathy Valentine was in bright spirits. The night before, the group played with the Pretenders in Oklahoma, where her dad is a university professor. She hadn't seen him in six years.

"For years, he's been saying, 'you're wasting your time' and all this," the 22-year-old native Texan said. "Last night, he said, 'well, I guess I was wrong, Kathy, it looks like you're really going to make it.' He really loved it. He likes the album a lot." She paused. "He usually listens to Merle Haggard."

The Go-Go's catchy pop style, which in some ways sounds like updated surf music, has been catching on ever since the minimal budget new wave oriented I.R.S. Records released the group's debut album, **Beauty and the Beat**. A single, *We've Got The Beat*, has been getting considerable airplay, and concert

audiences are slowly starting to recognize the group. So why do people still ask what the hell are five girls doing playing rock and roll?

"We hear the criticism, people say 'that's your gimmick,'" Caffey acknowledged. "It isn't really. We just had a good time to-

about music didn't make a bit of difference. It wasn't until after the group's first date, at a basement club called the Masque, that they decided they'd better learn.

"Our friends were the ones that gave us our support at that time," lead singer Belinda Carlisle ad-

band. On New Year's Eve, she joined the Go-Go's as a temporary replacement, and has been with them ever since.

"I'd quit the Textones and wasn't doing much of anything," she recalled. "One night Charlotte asked me if I played bass and I lied and said I did. I



The Go-Go's: "We were happy with what we were doing so we didn't let anything bother us when people made comments."

gether so we stayed together. We were happy with what we were doing so we didn't really let anything bother us when people made comments."

The all-girl band first began with five young buddies who lived in a rundown hotel in Hollywood. They wanted to start a band. The fact that none of them knew the first thing

mitted, "because I doubt that anyone who didn't know us would have liked us then. They kept us alive, kept us working and got us to believe in ourselves."

A year later, Caffey, Carlisle and rhythm guitarist Jane Wiedlin incorporated drummer Gina Schock. A short time later, Kathy Valentine quit the Textones, a popular local L.A.

learned the bass in about four days."

So what is the Go-Go's? "Five intelligent girls playing rock and roll," Caffey said. "I think we're dedicated people, and we really do have a good time because we're good friends."

"I'd say we were one of my favorite bands," Valentine summed up. □

Novo Combo

Novo Combo is comprised of well-seasoned players. At the age of 18, drummer Michael Shrieve was playing in Santana, a group he earned six platinum and two gold records with in his seven years of duty. He has also appeared on the Rolling Stones' **Some Girls**, **Emotional Rescue** and **Tattoo You** LPs. Bassist/singer Stephen Dees played with local bands in Florida at the age of 12. He later moved to New York and hooked up with Daryl Hall and John Oates, and played in their band before recording a solo album, **Hip-Shot**, which was coproduced with Daryl Hall. Guitarist/singer Pete Hewlett made his first record at 16 with a band from his native Pittsburgh. He also recorded a solo album before playing with Eric Carmen and Carly Simon. Guitarist/singer Jack Griffith played with local bands in Florida, where the Charleston, West Virginia picker gained a rep as a hot-shot rocker. The concept of Novo Combo is four strong individuals who all write, sing and play.



"We never plan to rest on our past accomplishments," Shrieve says. "We are definitely committed to rock and roll's future, not its past. All of us have got that certain intensity which can make us happen in 1981." Their self-titled debut album proves it.

Harlequin

Jack Douglas, producer of Aerosmith, John Lennon, Cheap Trick, Joe Perry and other rock heavyweights, discovered Harlequin in February, 1978, in the upstairs room of a Toronto club; the irony is that he'd gone there to see another band in the downstairs room. Harlequin was the quintessential bar band, slugging it out back and forth across the provinces, but they were a dynamic bunch. George Belanger proved to be a riveting lead singer, Glen Willows played strong lead guitar and keyboardist Gary Golden, bassist Ralph James

Shooting Stars

by Charley Crespo

and drummer David Budzak were a highly proficient rhythm section.

Love Crimes is their debut album in the United States.

The band has hit four times in Canada with *Survive*, *You Are The Light*, *Innocence* and *Thinking of You*, has received platinum albums and Juno Awards and has shared



stages with Cheap Trick, Triumph, Eddie Money and a host of Canadian hard rockers. The reaction?

"This is the best band in the country," fellow Canadian Paul Dean of Loverboy says.

The Time

"We called ourselves the Time because we felt our time has come," says Morris Day, lead vocalist for the new group.

You haven't heard punk-funk until you've heard the Time. Credit Prince with discovering this daring Minneapolis sextet; Prince went to several of their gigs before introducing them to their present management. The group now has a



self-titled album out and a hit single, *Get It Up*. That'll be the only song you'll recognize, however; most of the songs on the album are too progressive for today's radio.

"You can't label what we do," Morris explains. "It's not mainstream pop or r&b, although it's got elements of both of them. I

think the best way to understand it is to watch the response of the people when they hear us."

The Fleshtones

In 1975, Marek Pakulski was making \$3 an hour innoculating sick fowl on a chicken farm in his home state of Maine. One weekend, he went to New York to visit a friend, Keith Streng. The two went bar hopping with Streng's high school friends, including a fellow named Peter Zarembo. Pakulski decided to move to New York.

Shortly thereafter, Streng and Pakulski rented an inexpensive house in Queens. In the basement of this house, Pakulski discovered an old teardrop-shaped Vox copy bass and decided to start playing it.



Not to be outdone, Streng searched around the same basement and came up with an old cheap guitar. Zarembo dropped by one day with a handful of harmonicas. That was the start of a coarse, new-wave rock and roll revival band called the Fleshtones.

The band went through various drummers, finally hooking up with Bill Milhizer. The group went on to become a cult favorite in New York, and won a battle of the bands at N.Y.U. In 1979, the Fleshtones released a single, in 1980 there was a five-song EP and in 1981, there is finally a Fleshtones album, **Roman Gods**. □

BILLY JOEL

THE LONE RANGER

Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Piano Man

by Andy Secher



©Steve Joester/TOPIX

"You've got to be able to laugh and make a joke about life."

On his last album, **Glass Houses**, Billy Joel sang, "Everybody's talkin' 'bout the new sound/Funny, but it's still rock and roll to me." That deceptively simple statement seemed to capture the essence of Joel's artistic appeal; few other contemporary performers have been as adept at continually side-stepping the various trends that so often control the pop world. Rather than follow these trends, Joel has managed to create a unique style that blends diverse musical elements, contesting the public's unquenchable thirst for the "new sound."

Over his decade-long career, Joel has parlayed a deft understanding of the

music industry with his gift for creating instantly memorable top-40 melodies to emerge as one of the most potent commercial forces on the rock and roll scene. Since the release of his third album, **Turnstiles** which first brought him to national prominence in 1976, this Long Island native has managed to sell over 18 million albums in the United States alone—a figure that places him alongside Fleetwood Mac and the Bee Gees at the top of rock's commercial hierarchy. Now, with the release of his latest album, **Songs In The Attic** which is, in effect, a live "greatest hits" collection, Joel has again displayed the varied musical talents that have made him the single most

successful performer in the world.

"Success is great," he said, "but really, to me the only difference that success means financially is that I can pay these people who have been working for me a long time, who weren't able to get peanuts in the old days and are now getting financial return. I really don't give a damn, but it's good for the guys in the band who can now make some money. We could always just put it into production and have a better show," he added. "That's what I'm most interested in — so I guess in that regard success does make a difference."

The foundation of Joel's appeal remains his bold synthesis of rock energy,

Broadway glitter and Tin Pan Alley cleverness. His is a sound tailor-made for today's mass consumer consciousness, for in its craftsmanship and undeniable sophistication, it represents the homogenized by-product of 20th Century American music. His songs, through their delicate balance of tough lyrical posturings and hummable melodic structures, provide Joel with the freedom to maintain a distinctly rock-oriented image while appealing to a widely diversified audience. Songs like *Just The Way You Are* and *New York State Of Mind* have become pop staples, and are covered by everyone from Barbra Streisand to Frank Sinatra, while more up-

tempo numbers like *Only The Good Die Young* (a paean to the strict upbringing of Catholic girls) and *You May Be Right* features Joel's distinctive musical stance, one that allows him to be outrageously brash and touchingly sincere.

"I'm a good listener," he said, explaining his ability as a lyricist. "I still have a great time going to the Blarney Stone (a chain of seedy New York area bars) and listening to the old men talk about their experiences. It just shows that everybody has something to say. When I go out I don't talk a lot... It might be a New York thing, I don't know. I find I learn more by listening. But you've got to be able to laugh and make a

those who would agree with Joel's assessment of his music as something of a "joke". Over the years a number of critics have derided him for being nothing more than a rock and roll charlatan, a middle of-the-road "wimp" who has used the vast accessibility of the rock form as a springboard for presenting musical ideas which are ostensibly alien to rock's r&b roots. His detractors have gone to great lengths, in fact, to stress that Joel's music is nothing more than the musical equivalent of the "Big Mac" — superficially pleasing, but lacking in virtually any artistic nutrition or taste.

While it is hard to dispute the validity of some of these claims, Joel's

while maintaining his position as a viable rock performer.

Throughout his career (which has included a stint with a Long Island heavy-metal band called the Hassles during the late 1960s) Joel's music has depended heavily on his ability to translate the sounds and emotions of what he termed simply, "the street." While avoiding the dark urban landscapes that pervade the works of Bruce Springsteen, on albums such as *Streetlife Serenade* and *The Stranger*, he has used his inquisitive nature and his

scope, the album manages to capture the diversity of Joel's early work, featuring the delicate beauty of *Streetlife Serenade* as well as the anthemic power of *Say Goodbye to Hollywood*.

"Until the release of *The Stranger*, most people were unfamiliar with the material on this LP," Joel said. "Something was missing on those old records. They had originally been recorded with studio musicians instead of my own band. We liked the songs, but the original studio versions didn't have nearly as much energy and

"My lyrics owe a lot to other people. I just change the names to protect the innocent."



Bearded Billy Joel: "I still have a great time going to the Blarney Stone and listening to the old men talk about their experiences."

© Russell C. Turlak

joke about life. That is what my music's all about. I liked the Beatles because they laughed at themselves all the time, they could take a joke. I take my music seriously, but not the ramifications of it."

Undeniably, there are

musical sensibility (which allows him to know how far he can push a trite lyrical phrase or a "laid back" piano introduction) allows him to skirt dangerously close to an artistic netherworld inhabited by the likes of Barry Manilow,

finely-honed pop style to create a series of true-to-life city scenarios, brimming with energy and action.

"I gotta draw from life," he said, describing his musical philosophies. "Not my own life, but the lives of other people. A lot of people think everything I write is autobiographic — that's not true. I'd be dead if everything I wrote about I had actually experienced. I'd have to be 80-years-old. Everything is autobiographic in that I've kind of vicariously imagined it or lived it. But actually my lyrics owe a lot to other people. I just change the names to protect the innocent."

Many of Joel's finest lyrical qualities are again in evidence on *Songs In The Attic*, a collection of eleven numbers recorded "live" during his 1980 American tour. Unlike most "live" albums, however, *Songs* focuses on the more obscure aspects of Joel's career, and totally avoids material contained on his multi-platinum classics, *52nd Street* and *Glass Houses*. Instead, it favors songs that first appeared on such early albums as *Piano Man*, *Turnstiles* and the long-out-of-print *Cold Spring Harbor* — his first solo effort. Despite its limited

joy as live renditions. For example, a song like *Miami 2017* demands the gothic reverberation of a place like New York's Madison Square Garden. In contrast, a song like *Everybody Loves You Now* feels more at home in an intimate atmosphere. The live tapes on this album were, in fact, much closer to the sound I had hoped to capture originally."

With *Songs In The Attic* now ensconced high atop the sales charts, it seems that Joel's rather unusual approach to selecting the album's contents has proven to be a master stroke. While virtually any other performer would have opted for the safer policy of including their best-known hits on a live compilation, Joel's daring philosophy reflects the street-wise "smarts" that have come to be his trademark. "You just go for the moment," he said. "This album is ultimately a reunion with past lovers. I've been a music lover since I was 4-years-old, and as far as I can see I'll always love rock and roll. I don't ever want to stop doing that. I like it too much." □

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For a band that is consistently trashed by new wave music-lovers as an example of a "dinosaur" mired in the past, the Grateful Dead is certainly enjoying a very profitable sixteenth year of existence. The Dead has been touring successfully all year, selling out several shows at such prestigious venues as Madison Square Garden in New York and Berkeley's Greek Theatre. They have put out *two* live double albums in recent months — the all-acoustic **Reckoning**, and **Dead Set**, which features electric performances of numerous Grateful Dead favorites. Anyone who proclaims the death of this band hasn't been paying attention. The Dead's following is now the largest it has ever been — a testament to the continuing appeal of America's oldest experimental rock and roll band.

The reason Deadheads will travel to the ends of the earth to see their heroes perform, is that the Grateful Dead are the only major rock group that still plays highly improvisational music. When the band comes out on stage, it doesn't know which songs will be played, and every song is a possible jumping-off point for an extended jam. Sometimes the solos lead back to the original song, sometimes they meander off into space, only to transform into a different song further down the road. No two Dead shows are alike, and when the chemistry between the band members is there, the audience may witness the creation of a totally new music — music that evolves from the improvisational skill of the Dead's six members — lead guitarist Jerry Garcia; rhythm guitarist Bob Weir; bassist Phil Lesh; keyboardist Brent Mydland; drummer Billy Kreutzmann; and percussionist Mickey Hart.

"That's why I keep doing it, and that is partly what keeps the Grateful Dead such an interesting thing to keep doing," says Jerry Garcia, sitting in the living room of his Marin County, California home. "It's definitely — truly and

authentically — a new experience every time, and that's not bullshit. And because of that, it can't be duplicated."

The Dead and their fans both speak lovingly about "The Magic" that occasionally occurs at Dead shows, as if it were a tangible entity that reveals itself when the conditions are right. Sometimes the group's music seems unfocused, as if their explorations are not bearing fruit, but most nights there are moments

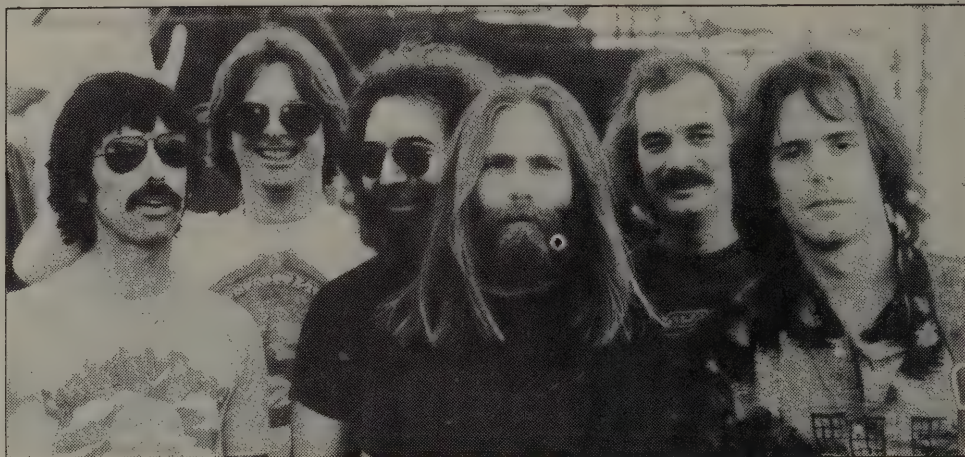
son we have 'on' nights and 'off' nights. The more you experiment, the more you leave up to the fates and the lower your percentage of being able to pull off the experimentation successfully. But the rate of return is *worth it*. That's why the Deadheads come back time and again. They can get much *better* rock and roll from other bands. That's not what we give them. We're a different animal."

"We're in the same position about that phenome-

heads report, add immeasurably to the Grateful Dead experience because the unpredictability of the drugs complements the unpredictability of the music, and furthers the nearly-mystical connection fans feel with the Dead. It is not at all unusual to find Deadheads who firmly believe they can read or even control the minds of the Dead's members.

"God bless 'em," Garcia says good naturedly. "So

The Grateful Dead: "Our music is in a state of flux. It's like a river, always moving and always changing."



GRATEFUL DEAD

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Veteran Band Dances To A Different Drummer

by Blair Jackson

when, undeniably, something very special indeed is happening onstage, and the band plays like a single, purposeful, well-oiled machine. *This is "The Magic."*

"We're always looking for something else, something you don't find in rigid structures," says Mickey Hart. "That's why our music is always in a state of flux. It's like a river, always moving and always changing. We don't even try to keep tabs on it. We let it change. And for that rea-

son as Deadheads are, fundamentally — the magic side of it," adds Garcia. "Just the kind of person I am; I'm not trustful about stuff like that. I'm the first one to worry about it — maybe we're opening the door for some demons from the 9th dimension," he says with a chuckle.

It doesn't take a Drug Enforcement Agency detective to tell that at most Grateful Dead shows a majority of the audience is visiting unseen dimensions. Psychedelics, Dead-

many times people have reported that experience to us: "You looked at me and I knew what you were going to play," or "I was making you play," and that sort of thing. There are thousands of them, so I can't just pretend it doesn't happen, and I can't discount what they say. It's like flying saucer reports."

"It's funny sometimes, isn't it?" Mickey Hart asks with a smile. "It's just musical appreciation that's gotten a little out of hand." □

Rock'n' Roll Hit Parade

Exclusive Feature: Top Ten Countdown Of The Hitmakers

**compiled by
Bob Grossweiner**

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most popular artists. This month we touch base with the avant-garde: Phil Collins, Robert Fripp and Pat Metheny.



Phil Collins, drummer/keyboardist/percussionist/vocalist, Genesis

1. **Meet the Beatles!**, the Beatles
2. **A Hard Day's Night** (Original Motion Picture Soundtrack), the Beatles
3. **Revolver**, the Beatles
4. **I Am, Earth, Wind & Fire**
5. **Let's Get Small**, Steve Martin
6. **Heavy Weather**, Weather Report
7. **Inner Mounting Flame**, the Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin
8. **Hitsville U.S.A.** (import), various Motown artists
9. **Grace & Danger**, John Martyn
10. **Careless**, Stephen Bishop

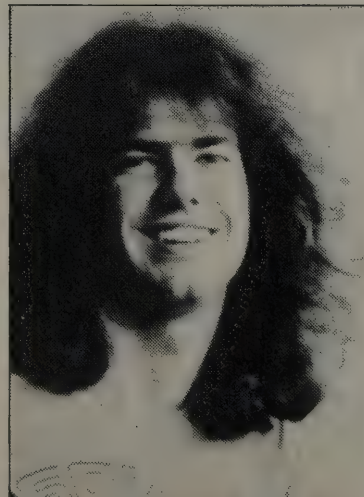
Robert Fripp, guitarist, King Crimson

1. **Elvis' Golden Records, Volume 1**, Elvis Presley
2. **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band**, the Beatles
3. **Are You Experienced?**, the Jimi Hendrix Experience
4. **Six String Quartet**, composed by Bela Bartok (no specific version given)
5. **Preludes a l'apres-midi d'un faune**, composed by Claude Debussy (no specific version given)
6. **Emergency!**, the Tony Williams Lifetime
7. **Blue**, Joni Mitchell
8. **No Pussyfooting**, Fripp & Eno
9. **Parallel Lines**, Blondie
10. **Fear of Music**, Talking Heads



Pat Metheny, guitarist, Pat Metheny Group

1. **Four and More**, Miles Davis
2. **Smokin' at the Half Note**, Wes Montgomery
3. **Minute By Minute**, the Doobie Brothers
- "I like anything Michael McDonald sings or writes."
4. **The Following Morning**, Eberhard Weber
5. **Hejira**, Joni Mitchell
6. **Gary Burton and Keith Jarrett**, Gary Burton and Keith Jarrett
7. **Heavy Weather**, Weather Report
8. **New York Is Now**, Ornette Coleman
9. **Aja**, Steely Dan
10. Anything sung by James Taylor, Donny Hathaway, Ricki Lee Jones, Stevie Wonder, Nicolette Larson, Aretha Franklin and Carly Simon.



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HIT PARADER'S

Sports Challenge

This month:

TRIUMPH'S ARMOR ATTACK

The *Hit Parader* staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

"You call that a sport?"

Rik Emmett of Triumph suggested soccer and a host of outdoor sports for our **Hit Parader Sports Challenge**, but all we could arrange in a hurry was a quick pinball and video match. We promised next time we'd have teams drawn-up for more rugged activity.

"This looks like a good game," Triumph's bassist Mike Levine said as we approached Bally's Harlem

Globetrotters pinball game. "This game sucks," he said after his first ball barely racked up four digits. "Let's just go."

Between shots, instead of cursing the machine, we argued with a floor manager who wouldn't allow us to take photographs. **Hit Parader** took the win on a three-ball game, and we took our quarters to Nathan's, digesting some of their world famous hot dogs and fries before Levine tackled Cinematronics' **Armor Attack** video machine, titled suspiciously close to Triumph's **Allied Forces LP**.

Neither Levine nor **Hit Parader** had ever played **Armor Attack** before. In the first of three games, Levine knocked down one last tank and beat us by a mere 20 points. **Hit Parader** went on to blow up a few high-scoring helicopters in the

second game taking a mammoth lead. We suspect shenanigans on the third game; **Hit Parader** seemed to demolish more attackers than Levine, but the score showed him the winner, again by a small margin.

"It was a tough battle," the champion said, "but the right guy Triumphed."

"He was only setting you up," added Emmett, who had watched the games.

"Actually, I think you beat me, but I'll never admit it," Levine interrupted.

"You slaughtered him in the second game," Emmett told **Hit Parader**.

"I decided I'd let you win that one because you're a writer for a big magazine and all," Levine summed up.

We want a rematch.□

Triumph's Mike Levine and Rik Emmett: "I think you beat me, but I'll never admit it."



The final note of the old Clint Eastwood movie anthem, **The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly** fades into the sweat-drenched atmosphere of the darkened arena, a musical onslaught is about to be unleashed. Responding to some unseen signal, 3,000 rabid "headbangers" surge towards the stage as a sudden, harsh beam of light cuts through the blackness to illuminate the massive frame of drummer Philthy Animal Taylor as he begins pounding out the introduction to his theme song, *The Hammer*. Soon, leather-clad guitarist Fast Eddie Clark picks up the beat, laying down a salvo of heavy-metal thunder. Then bassist/vocalist Lemmy applies the coup de grace with a blood-curdling vocal attack cutting through the band's sonic barrage like a spear through the brain. There can be no mistaking it — another Motorhead show is underway.

"We can never get it loud enough," Lemmy said in his thick cockney accent, as he flashed a gap-toothed grin. "We want to see some blood comin' out of everyone's ears if possible — nothing dangerous, just enough to let us know they're having a good time. We don't believe in pampering our audience. They better know what to expect when they come to our show, 'cause we're gonna give it to 'em full blast. We don't hold anything back when we go on stage. We play like our lives are on the line, and," he added with a raspy laugh, "our fans probably would kill us if we didn't give it our best effort. Motorhead believes in the music we play. We like making the walls shake. That's what we like, and what the people love."

Over the last five years the three wild-eyed men who comprise Motorhead have emerged as the most unlikely heroes in rock history. At a time when their English homeland was being ruled by "punk" degeneration and "new romantics" rubbish, Motorhead roared onto the scene brandishing an "ultra-metal" sound that literally blasted all of their competition to shreds. By featuring an appearance that is a pistache of Spaghetti-western grubbiness and biker-black leather, Motorhead has created an image

MOTORHEAD

BOYS AND NOISE

Fans Go Wild In Their Seats For Heavy Metal Monsters

by Andy Secher

that, in its comic book outlandishness, perfectly reflects a blood-and-guts musical attack. Their approach on such albums as **Overkill** and **Bomber** (both available in the U. S. only as imports) as well as last year's **Ace of Spades** (their first American release), Motorhead has struck a responsive nerve within the British rock community — a fact evidenced by their last two LP's reaching the Number One slot on the English album charts. With the release of

cords to blow off a little steam and have a good time. This country's so big it's gonna take us a little time to reach everyone. We're still relegated to being an opening act in most places, which means we don't use our own lights or our full stage set-up. But the people have responded better than we could have hoped. Everywhere we go the fans are yelling for *Bomber* or *Iron Horse*, which are on our very first albums. That's why the live album is so important

tion of what heavy-metal is all about. It's music designed to melt stereo speakers, put blisters on eardrums and kill the fungus growing under your bed. It's rock and roll taken to its logical extreme in terms of volume and simplicity, and in its unrelenting beat and crushing power it serves to exemplify all that is both hated and loved about the rock form.

"Motorhead is rock and roll," Lemmy said, with characteristic candor. "Forget all the other pussy shit



Motorhead: "We want to see blood comin' out of everyone's ears."

their live album, **No Sleep 'til Hammersmith**, it seems that State-side rock fans are ready to join their trans-Atlantic brethren as charter members in the "Motorhead-banger" fan club.

"The fans in the States have been just great to us," the Philthy one said in a surprisingly quiet voice. "I think we're developing the same kind of following over here that we have back home; a real street-level group of kids who come to our shows and buy our re-

for us over here. It introduces the old material as well as some of the new things, which is what we need to establish a following. I think it'll please the people who've been following us over the years, and maybe it'll win us a few new fans as well."

On **No Sleep 'til Hammersmith**, which was recorded during the band's 1981 English tour, Motorhead classics such as (*We Are*) *The Roadcrew*, *Metro-polis* and *Ace of Spades*, serve as the perfect defini-

that's around, 'cause it ain't worth the vinyl it's pressed on. I laugh at those people who call us too loud or too one-dimensional. They don't understand that all you need is one dimension when you can play it the way we can. All our critics can say what they want, because for us the bottom line will always be the thousands of kids with their fists in the air fighting to get to the front row at our shows. As long as they're still out there Motorhead will keep roaring along. □

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TWILIGHT

(As recorded by Electric Light
 Orchestra)

JEFF LYNNE

The vision's dancing in my mind
 The early dawn the shades of time
 Twilight crawling thru my window
 pane
 Am I awake or do I dream
 The strangest pictures I have seen
 The nite is day and twilight's gone
 away
 With your head held high and your
 scarlet lies
 You can't yell to me from the open
 skies
 It's either real or it's a dream
 There's nothing that is inbetween.

Twilight
 I only meant to stay awhile
 Twilight
 I gave you time to steal my mind
 away from me
 You brought me here but can you

take me back again.

With your head held high and your
 scarlet lies
 You can't yell to me from the open
 skies
 It's either real or it's a dream
 There's nothing that is inbetween.

Twilight
 I only meant to stay awhile
 Twilight
 I only meant to stay awhile
 Twilight, twilight, twilight, twilight.

The crested night I saw your face
 You disappeared without a trace
 You brought me here but then you
 take me back
 Inside the image of your light
 That thou is day and once was night
 You leave me here and then you go
 away.

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AT THIS MOMENT

(As recorded by Billy & The Beaters)

BILLY VERA

What did you think I would do at this
 moment
 When you're standing before me
 With tears in my eyes
 Tryin' to tell me that you have found
 another
 And you just don't love me no more.

What did you think I would say at
 this moment
 When I'm faced with the knowledge
 That you just don't love me
 Did you think I would curse you
 Or say things to hurt you
 Because you just don't love me no
 more.

Did you think I could hate you
 Or raise my hands to you
 Now come on you know me too well
 How could I hurt you
 When darlin' I love you
 And you know I'd never hurt you.

What do you think I would give at
 this moment
 If you'd stay I'd subtract twenty
 years from my life
 I'd fall down on my knees
 Kiss the ground that you walk on
 If I could just hold you again.

TAKE ME NOW

(As recorded by David Gates)

DAVID GATES

I need, baby I need your love right
 now
 I want, baby I want to show you how
 C'mon you know that we've waited
 long enough
 And now it's time, time to be lovers.
 I try, try to be all you want me to
 It's hard but baby it's worth it all for
 you
 And it hurts makin' me wait for you
 this way.
 I can't go on
 So come on and take me now
 Take my love
 Make come true the feelings I've
 been dreamin' of
 Take me now
 Take me fast
 You can trust in me
 Our love will ever last.
 I know, I know we haven't known
 each other long
 But still somethin' so right just can't
 be wrong
 Besides it ought-a be up to me and
 you
 When it's time, time for each other.
 I live, live for the day we live as one
 Look back, back over all the things
 we've done
 But now baby I need your love right
 now.
 (Repeat chorus)

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DON'T STOP BELIEVIN'

(As recorded by Journey)

S. PERRY
N. SCHON
J. CAIN

Just a small town girl
Livin' in a lonely world
She took the midnight train goin'
anywhere
Just a city boy
Born and raised in South Detroit
He took the midnight train goin'
anywhere.

A singer in a smoky room
The smell of wine and cheap
perfume
For a smile they can share the night
It goes on and on and on and on.

Strangers waiting
Up and down the boulevard
Their shadows searching in the
night
Streetlight people
Living just to find emotion
Hiding somewhere in the night.

Working hard to get my fill
Everybody wants a thrill
Payin' anything to roll the dice
Just one more time
Some will win, some will lose
Some were born to sing the blues
Oh the movie never ends
It goes on and on and on and on.

Strangers waiting
Up and down the boulevard
Their shadows searching in the
night
Streetlight people
Living just to find emotion
Hiding somewhere in the night.

Don't stop believin'
Hold on to that feelin'
Streetlight people.

Don't stop believin'
Hold on
Streetlight people
Don't stop believin'
Hold on to that feelin'
Streetlight people.

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LET'S GET CRACKIN'

(As recorded by Shock)

MARLON McCLAIN
MALCOLM NOBLE
ROGER SAUSE

Now before you all step your foot
into it
I want ya all to sing along with us
We got a thing that's gonna tilt ya
back
We got a thing it's called the crack.
So get crackin'.

Now don't be afraid to step on the
crack
Cause you're most definitely not
going to break your mother's back.

This groove is not only nutritious
Say y'all to the groovers
It can't be delicious.

So y'all get crackin'.

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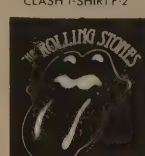
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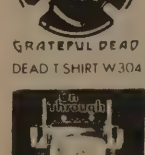
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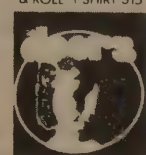
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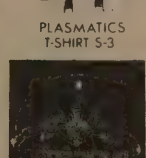
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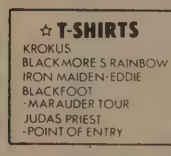
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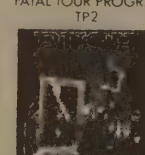
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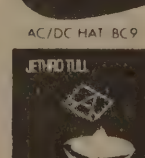
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WIRED FOR SOUND

(As recorded by Cliff Richard)

**TARNEY
ROBERTSON**

I like small speakers
I like tall speakers
If they've music they're wired for sound
Walkin' about with a head full of music
Cassette in my pocket and I'm gonna use it
Stereo out in the street you know woh oh woh
Into the car got to work and I'm cruisin'
I never think that I'll blow all my fuses
Traffic flows into the breakfast show woh oh woh
Power from the needle to the plastic A.M. — F.M. I feel so ecstatic now
It's music I've found
I'm wired for sound.

I was small boy who don't like his toys
I could not wait to get wired for sound.

I met a girl and she told me she loved me
I said you love me then love means you must like what I like
My music is dynamite woh oh woh.

She said I'm not a girl you put on at a stand-by
I'm a girl who demands that her love is amplified
Switch in to overdrive woh oh woh.

Power from the needle to the plastic A.M. — F.M. I feel so ecstatic now
It's music I've found
I'm wired for sound.

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THE GIRL MOST LIKELY (Not To Succeed)

(As recorded by The Greg Kihn Band)

**GREG KIHN
STEPHEN WRIGHT
DAVE CARPENDER
LARRY LYNCH
GARY PHILLIPS**

Baby these are the best years of our lives
I say baby I know it's hard to realize
That every step we take
We're getting closer to the day
When we can do exactly what we want to do
'Cause you're the girl most likely
Not to succeed
Yeah you were the girl most (girl most) likely (likely) not to succeed.

Baby for years you've struggled to survive
Now baby fortune and fame are by your side
I never doubted you could make it all along
I guess this proves that you were right
You were right and they were wrong
'Cause you're the girl most (girl most) likely (likely) not to succeed
Yeah you were the girl most (girl most) likely (likely) not to succeed.

'Cause you're the girl most likely not to succeed
Yeah you were the girl (girl most) likely (likely) not to succeed
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
You were the girl most (girl most) likely (likely) not to succeed.

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SHARE YOUR LOVE WITH ME

(As recorded by Kenny Rogers)

**DEADRIC MALONE
AL BRAGGS**

It's an ill wind that blows no good
And it's a sad heart that won't love like it should
Oh how lonesome you must be
And it's a shame
If you don't share your love with me.
It's a heartache when love is gone
And it can get even worse
If it keeps on
Blinder than he who won't see

And it's a shame
If you don't share your love with me.
I can't help it
If he is gone
You must try to forget
You must live on
It's a good thing to love someone
But it's bad and even sad
When it's not returned
Oh how lonesome you must be
And it's a shame
If you don't share your love with me
And I said it's a shame
If you don't share your love with me oh yeah.

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WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU

(As recorded by Foreigner)

**M. JONES
L. GRAMM**

So long

I've been looking too hard
I've been waiting too long
Sometimes I don't know what I will find

I only know it's a matter of time
When you love someone
When you love someone
It feels so right so warm and true
I need to know if you feel it too
Maybe I'm wrong

Won't you tell me if I'm coming on too strong

This heart of mine has been hurt before

This time I wanna be sure.

I've been waiting for a girl like you
To come into my life

I've been waiting for a girl like you
With a love that will survive
I've been waiting for someone new

To make me feel alive
Yeah waiting for a girl like you
To come into my life.

You're so good
When we make love it's understood
It's more than a touch or a word we say

Only in dreams could it be this way
When you love someone

Yeah really love someone

Now I know it's right

From the moment I wake up till deep in the night

There's nowhere on earth that I'd rather be

Than holding you tenderly.

I've been waiting for a girl like you
To come into my life

I've been waiting for a girl like you
With a love that will survive

I've been waiting for someone new
To make me feel alive

Yeah waiting for a girl like you

To come into my life.

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WORKING IN THE COAL MINE (From the "Heavy Metal" Soundtrack)

(As recorded by Devo)

ALLEN TOUSSAINT

Well I've been workin' in a coal mine
Goin' down, down
Workin' in a coal mine whoo
About to slip down
Workin' in a coal mine
Goin' down, down
Workin' in a coal mine whoo
About to slip down.

Five o'clock in the mornin'
I'm up before the sun
When my work day is over

I'm too tired for havin' fun.

I've been workin' in a coal mine
Goin' down, down
Workin' in a coal mine whoo
About to slip down
Workin' in a coal mine
Goin' down, down
Workin' in a coal mine whoo
About to slip down.

Lord I am so tired
How long can this go on.

(Repeat chorus)

I've been workin', goin', workin'
Who
About to slip down.

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YOU KILL ME (As recorded by Peter Frampton)

PETER FRAMPTON

Hey baby give me a chance
Hey now give me this one last dance
Hey baby where did I go wrong
Make me crazy I can't leave you alone.

You can't deny
You never hear what I say
Hey you kill me with your lies
You kill me when you cry
You kill me
You kill me.

Hey baby what can I say
Don't make me look the other way

Hey baby what can I do
Don't leave me standing waiting for you.

You can't deny
You never hear what I say
Hey you kill me with your lies
You kill me when you cry
You kill me
You kill me.

Hey baby give me a chance
Won't you take me for one last dance
Hey baby I'll do you right
I'll take you dancing into the night.

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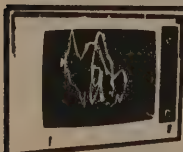
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EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC

(As recorded by The Police)

STING

Well I've tried before to tell her
All the feelings I have for her in my heart
Every time that I come near her
I just lose my nerve as I've done from the start.

Every little thing she does is magic
Everything she do just turns me on
Even though my life before was tragic

Now I know my love for her goes on.

Well I have to tell the story
Of a thousand rainy days
Since we first met
It's a big enough umbrella
But it's always me that ends up getting wet.

Every little thing she does is magic

Everything she do just turns me on
Even though my life before was tragic

Now I know my love for her goes on.

I resolve to call her up a thousand times a day
And ask her if she'll marry me in some old fashioned way
But my silent fears have gripped me
And before I reach the phone
And before my tongue has tricked me
Must I always be alone.

Every little thing she does is magic
Everything she do just turns me on
Even though my life before was tragic

Now I know my love for her goes on.
(Repeat)

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ALIEN

(As recorded by the Atlanta Rhythm Section)

BUDDY BUIE
RANDY LEWIS
STEVE McRAY

The sun just went behind a cloud again
Down crowded streets he walks alone

Like a stranger out of place
A number not a face
And all day long, all day long
He's feeling like an alien
Feeling like he don't belong

"Mercy" cried the alien
Heaven help him find his way back home.

The feeling that he feels
He can't explain
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
They're all the same
He's lost and all alone
A heart without a home
Standing like a statue in the rain.

Now and then we all are aliens
Feeling like we don't belong
"Mercy" cries the alien
Heaven help him find his way back home.

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OH NO

(As recorded by The Commodores)

LIONEL B. RICHIE, JR.

I want you to want me
I'm goin' crazy knowin'
He will be your lover tonight
And when he comes I'll let you go
I'll just pretend as you walk out the door.

Oh no
I can't sleep
Oh no
I'm goin' crazy with love over you.

I need you to need me
I wanna hold you
But you're holdin' someone else in

your arms
When I close my eyes I see your face
I'm just not sure how much my heart can erase.

Oh no
I can't think
Oh no
I'm goin' crazy with love over you.

Oh honey
Oh sugar
Oh no

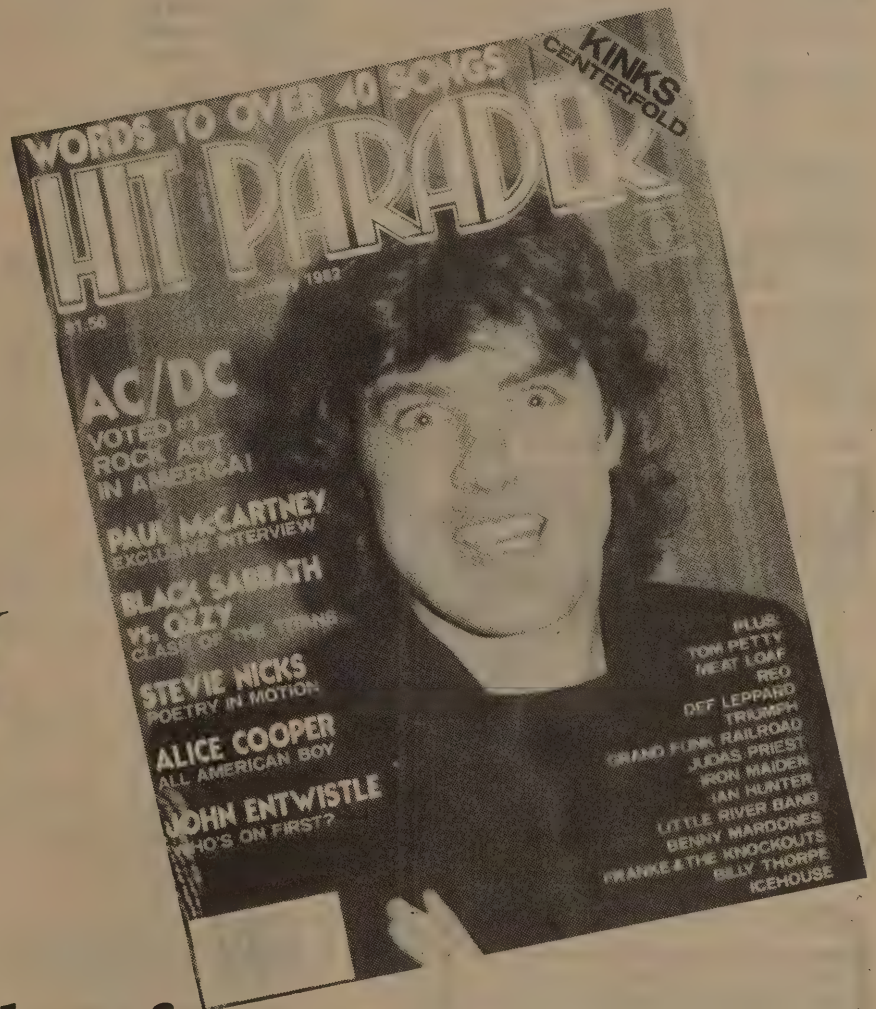
I can't sleep anymore baby
Oh no

I can't think anymore baby
Oh no

I'm goin' crazy with love over you.

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PHYSICAL

(As recorded by Olivia Newton-John)

**STEPHEN KIPNER
TERRY SHADDICK**

I'm saying all the things that I know
you'll like
Making good conversation
I gotta handle you just right
You know what I mean.

I took you to an intimate restaurant
Then to a suggestive movie
There's nothing left to talk about
Less it's horizontally.

Let's get physical, physical
I wanna get physical
Let's get into physical.

Let me hear your body talk, your
body talk
Let me hear your body talk.
(Repeat chorus)

I've been patient, I've been good
Trying to keep my hands on the
table
It's getting hard this holding back
You know what I mean.

I'm sure you'll understand my point
of view
We know each other mentally
You gotta know that you're bringing
out the animal in me.
(Repeat chorus)

Let's get animal, animal
I wanna get animal
Let's get into animal
Let me hear your body talk, your
body talk
Let me hear your body talk.

Let me hear your body talk, your
body talk
Let me hear your body talk.

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I WANT YOU, I NEED YOU

(As recorded by Chris Christian)

**CHRIS CHRISTIAN
J. C. CROWLEY**

It's a long, long way from heaven to
heartache
And that's a trip I never wanted to
make
Since I've been gone it just hasn't
been the same
And I'm afraid I've finally learned
how a heart can break.

I want you, I need you
I'll always be with you
I found out the hard way
I can't do without you
I'll always be with you.

I've been walkin' on the wrong side
of the highway
Wakin' up on the wrong side of town
But I could never find under any
neon sign
Anyone that I loved any more than
you.

I want you, I need you
I'll always be with you
I found out the hard way
I can't do without you
I'll always be with you.

(Come back to me)
At least now we both know I tried
(Come back to me)
I will be yours until I die.

I want you, I need you
I'll always be with you
I found out the hard way
I can't do without you
I'll always be with you.

Oh I want you, I need you
I'll always be with you
I found out the hard way
I can't do without you
I want you, I need you
I'll always be with you.

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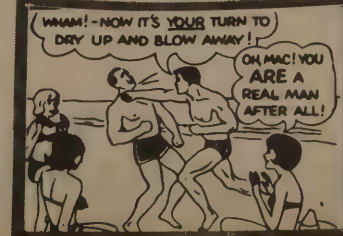
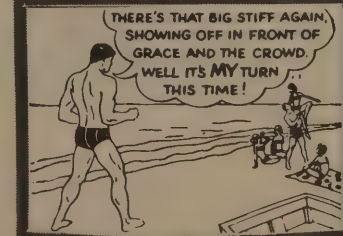
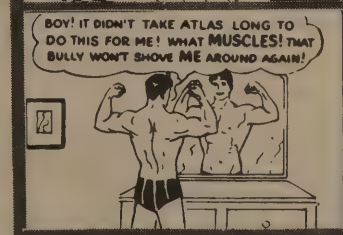
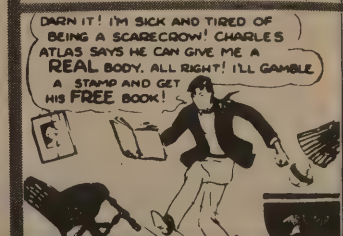
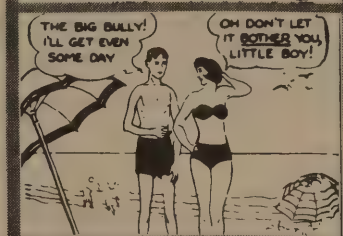
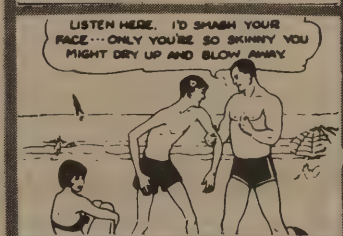
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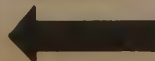
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TAKE MY HEART

(As recorded by Kool & The Gang)

**CHARLES SMITH
JAMES TAYLOR
GEORGE BROWN
KOOL & THE GANG**

Has there ever come a time when you feel real nice
And you want to let someone know that you really appreciate them
All you have to do is just moan a little bit for me

It goes something like this.

Oooh
Ooo-hoo
Oooh
Ooo-hoo
Ooh
Ooo-hoo
Ooh
Ooo-hoo.

You see no time for wastin' baby
We've gone all through those moves
I'm offering satisfaction darling
Girl I'm giving you all my love.

Anytime is the right time baby
Come on and take my heart
It's all yours if you want it baby
My heart is tearing all apart

I say oooh

You can have it
Yeah if you want it
If you want it
Come and get it baby

But if you want it
You can have it
Ah come and get it girl yeah
If you want it
Yeah.

See darling

There's no time for wastin' baby
Come on please make up your mind
Good loving is so pleasing baby
Girl I'm giving you all my time.

You can have it

DRAW OF THE CARDS

(As recorded by Kim Carnes)

**KIM CARNES
DAVE ELLINGSON
VAL GARAY
BILL CUOMO**

Slight of hand
Hand of fate
Chance you take
Life's a snake

And it's all in the draw of the cards.

Draw the cards
Watch the eyes
Down and dirty
Let 'em ride

If you want it
Just come and get it
And baby it's yours yeah
I've got it to give
And if you want it
I know that you're gonna love it
Just come on girl.
One night while I was sleeping baby
Had a dream of you and I
Found myself asking you baby
"Take my hand and be my wife".
Oh I, I knew you'd like it
Oh baby you got me sayin'
something like
You can have it
If you want it
You can have it
Baby you really want my loving
If you want it
It's all yours baby
You can have it any time of the day
If you want it
Don't matter what place it is baby
You can get it baby
You can have it
Come on girl and get it
If you want it
If you want it you can have it
You can have it
Cause I will make you feel all right
If you want it
Can't you tell that I need it
You can have it
Come on darlin' take my heart
If you want it oh yeah
You can have it
Come on darlin' satisfaction
guaranteed
If you want it
Ooo wee baby
You can have it oooo
If you want it
Oh you're such a pretty little girl
baby
You can have it
If you want it
Come on and take my heart baby.

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Ace is high
Deuce is low
Take the first
The rest should go.

Lightning strikes
Breath of life
Red, black or white
Watch 'em fall.

Boulevard, small cafe
Cavaliers pass the day
Joker laughs from the street
He weaves his web bittersweet,
bittersweet, bittersweet.

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VENUS LOVE GODDESS—will it truly bring you the love, affection, and devotion of *anyone* you desire, day-in and day-out, week-after-week, month-after-month . . . FOREVER?

Now you can find out the amazing truth for yourself at my expense. That's right! I'm willing to gamble my own money on you, a perfect stranger. You *must* agree that The VENUS LOVE GODDESS works like magic or I'll pay you for your time and trouble. **GUARANTEED!**

But first, let me assure you of this: I know exactly what I am doing. Just mail the coupon below today for your magnificent VENUS LOVE GODDESS replica. Then join in a mind-blowing experiment that may thrillingly change your love-life beyond your wildest dreams.

Do you want to make someone love you NOW? Starting immediately, and continuing day-after lovely-day, you'll have this sensational new opportunity to turn your no-love-life into a GREAT ALL-NEW LOVE-LIFE. Imagine the excitement and thrill when your very own VENUS LOVE GODDESS arrives—and the experiment begins!

- ♥♥♥ When you want to make someone love you, see whether The VENUS LOVE GODDESS attracts that person to you!
- ♥♥♥ When you're out on a date, see whether The VENUS LOVE GODDESS makes you totally irresistible!
- ♥♥♥ When you're trying to pick someone up, see whether The VENUS LOVE GODDESS makes you unbelievably charming!
- ♥♥♥ When you feel shy or lonely, see whether The VENUS LOVE GODDESS delivers warm, comforting companionship!
- ♥♥♥ When you want the full love, devotion, and affection of an adored one, see whether The VENUS LOVE GODDESS goes all the way for you. No holding back!

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COMES YOUR WAY!**

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And just think of it! *If you report every single day of fantastic love 365 days a year, you'll certainly be on cloud nine!*

Even if you are skeptical, you have absolutely nothing to lose. Not even a penny of your hard-earned money. Because from the instant you receive The VENUS LOVE GODDESS, you'll be able to report all the real love YOU want, anytime, anywhere, or I'll pay you for your time and trouble. **GUARANTEED!**



Here is the best part! It doesn't matter if you are a *man* or *woman*—it doesn't matter if you are *young* or *old*—it doesn't matter if you've been unlucky in love or not—you *MUST* agree that The VENUS LOVE GODDESS works for you RIGHT AWAY or I'll return your money PLUS pay you for participating in this remarkable experiment!

**SEND FOR YOUR VENUS
LOVE GODDESS RIGHT NOW!**

Right now, this very moment, mail the coupon for your very own VENUS LOVE GODDESS with the Experiment Report Forms. For privacy, your VENUS LOVE GODDESS will be RUSHED back to you by FIRST-CLASS MAIL in your name only. No one will be allowed to use it, except you. Merely take The VENUS LOVE GODDESS into your possession and a fantastic love-life may be yours. It's that simple!

**YES! JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!
THE POWER AND POTENCY OF
THE VENUS LOVE GODDESS!**

Yes! As the sole judge, you'll be able to report:

- ♥♥♥ The love, devotion, and affection of anyone you desire to be happy and content!
- ♥♥♥ Enough luck with the opposite sex so you feel completely at ease and confident!
- ♥♥♥ Enough inner-strength and power to control your love-life and lead it the way YOU really want to!—*Or I'll pay you for your time and trouble!*

**DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY
BACK GUARANTEE!**

I can't imagine anyone passing up this unique chance to join this experiment and use The VENUS LOVE GODDESS every single day. So the only thing holding you back is taking a risk. I'm going to eliminate that *completely*.

To prove to you that I mean every word I've said—I'll give you this absolute DOUBLE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: The VENUS LOVE GODDESS experiment must work like magic within 14 days, or I'll return your money PLUS ANOTHER \$3.00 for your time and trouble. That's right. You get DOUBLE your money back with no strings attached!

If you've never thought of clipping a coupon before, do it NOW. It may be the answer to ALL of your "love" prayers.

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—AND LOTS OF IT!**

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- 3) Mail to Venus Love Goddess, 49 West 37th St., New York, N.Y., 10018

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018**

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HARD TO SAY

(As recorded by Dan Fogelberg)

DAN FOGELBERG

Lucky at love
Well maybe so
There's still a lot of things you'll
never know
Like why each time the sky begins to
snow
You cry.

You're faithful to her in your
careless way
And so you miss her when she's far
away

But ev'ry time you think you've got it
straight
You fall.

You face the future with a weary past
Those dreams you banked upon are
fading fast

You know you love her
But it may not last
You fear.

It's never easy and it's never clear
Who's to navigate and who's to steer
And so you flounder drifting over
near the rocks.

It's hard to say where love went

wrong

It's hard to say just when
(So hard to say)

It's hard to walk away from love
It may never come again.

You do your best to keep your hand
in play

And try to keep those lonesome
blues at bay

You think you're winning
But it's hard to say sometimes.

It's hard to say where love went
wrong

It's hard to say just when
(It's so hard to say)

It's hard to walk away from love
It may never come again.

Lucky at love

Well maybe so

There's still a lot of things you'll
never know

Like why each time the sky begins to
snow

You cry, you cry

Ooh you fret and you cry.

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I NEED YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by Ian Hunter)

IAN HUNTER

It was a cold, cold house
I was a cold, cold room
No one lived in me
I was an empty tomb
Lovers came to view
They looked all around
But they couldn't see nothing
Nothing but the ground that really
put me down.

And then someone broke inside of
me

And I felt myself learning
How to fight free

And it feels so good

When I can turn to you

And look you straight in the eye

Say I need you, need you

Oh I need you.

I need your love
Baby I need your love
I got to hear your name
Over and over and over again
I need your love
Baby I need your love

I got you on my brain
Over, over, over again.

You know it hurts so bad
When you have to say
You ain't got nobody
And then one day

It makes you feel so good
When I can turn to you
And look you straight in the eye
Say I need you, need you
Oh I need you.

I need your love
Baby I need your love
I want to hear your name
Over and over and over again
I need your love

Oh how I need your love
I got to hear your name, name, name
Over, over, over again yeah
I need your love
Baby I need your love
I got to hear your name, name, name
Over, over, over.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of **AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!**

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—you alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now; however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you \$1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, it's *done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM \$500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him \$500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically. After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill!—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

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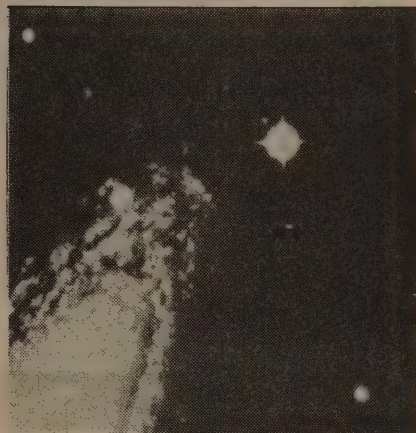
And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of

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- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
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- How to win the future of your choice

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contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

— MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY! —

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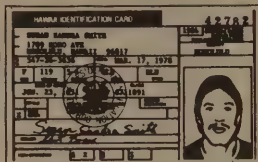
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(As recorded by Bob Seger & The
Silver Bullet Band)

EUGENE WILLIAMS

I used to smoke five packs of
cigarettes a day
It was the hardest thing to put them
away

I drank four or five bottles of wine
I kept a glass in my hand all the time
Breaking those habits was hard to
do

But nothing compared to the
changes that you put me through.

Tryin' to live my life without you
babe

It's the hardest thing I'll ever do
Try to forget the love we once
shared yeah

It's the hardest burden I'll ever bear
All right.

I had the worst reputation in town
For chasing all the women around
I thought changing my way of living
was hard to do

But it's nothing compared to the
changes that you put me through
I've done ev'rything I tried to do
But it's gonna take a miracle to get
me over you.

Tryin' to live my life without you
babe

It's the hardest thing I'll ever do
Try to forget the love we once
shared yeah

It's the hardest burden I'll ever bear.

Tryin' to live my life without you
babe

It's the hardest thing I'll ever do
Try to forget the love we shared
It's the hardest burden I'll ever bear
Listen.

Tryin' to live my life without you
babe

It's the hardest thing I'll ever do
Try to forget the love we shared
It's the hardest burden I'll ever bear.

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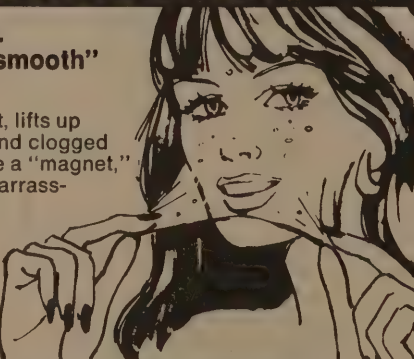
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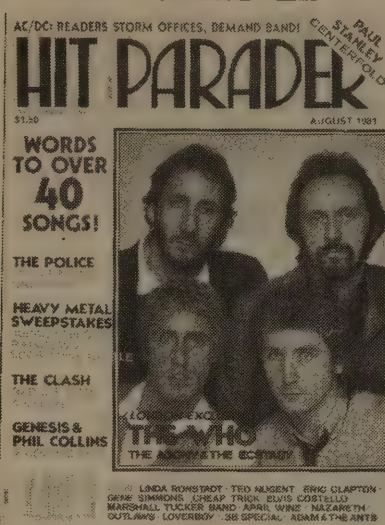
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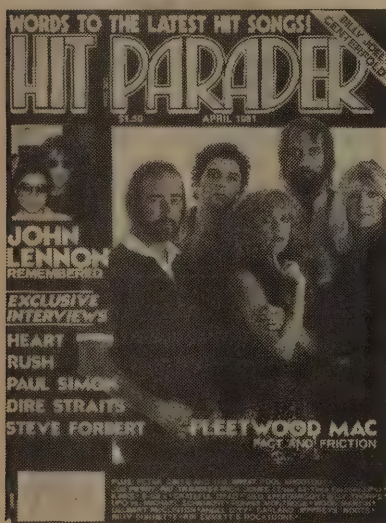
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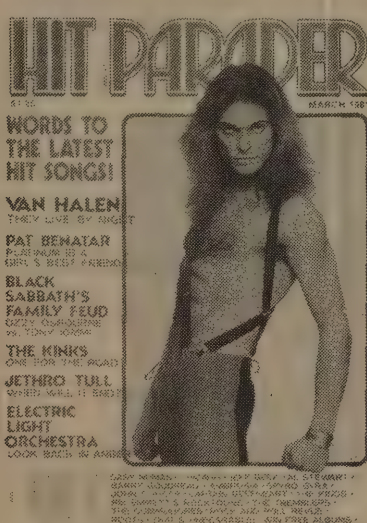
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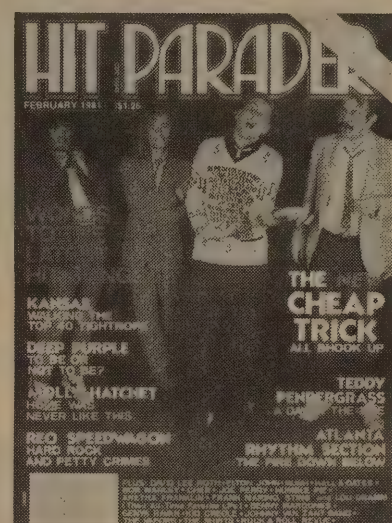
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January, 1981

The Cars — Panorama's Cracked Windshield
The New Yes: The Drama Continues
AC/DC Are Back In Black
The Doobie Brothers Born Again Legends
Ted Nugent Down And Dirty

October, 1980

Hit Parader Interview: Mick Jagger/Keith Richards
— Part I
Genesis Turn It On Again
Gene Simmons Says It's Hard Being Superman
Every Day
David Bowie In Japan
The Ted Nugent Story

December, 1980

Peter Townshend On His Own? — Part II
Van Halen: Who Are These Guys And Why Are They So Famous?
Guitars & Amps: Hit Parader Special Report
Queen On Tour
Hit Parader Interview: Mick Jagger/Keith Richards
— Part III

September, 1980

The Police Rock Nile Style
Hit Parader Interview: The Clash
Joe Perry: The Thrill Is It
Chrissie Hynde Talks About The Pretenders
Squeeze Together

November, 1980

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No Nukes
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— Part II
Heart To Heart
Police In Japan

August, 1980

Hit Parader Interview: Blondie's Jimmy Destri
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START ME UP

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARDS

If you start me up
If you start me up
I'll never stop
You can start me up
You can start me up
I'll never stop
I've been running hot
You got me just about to blow my
top
You can start me up
You can start me up
I never stop, never stop, never stop,
never stop
You make a grown man cry
You make a grown man cry
You make a grown man cry
Spread out the oil, the gasoline
I walk smooth ride in a mean, mean
machine
Start it up.
Start me up
Kick on the starter
Give it all you've got, you got, you
got
I can't compete
With the riders in the other heats
If you rough it up
If you like it you can
Slide it up, slide it up, slide it up,
slide it up
Don't make a grown man cry
Don't make a grown man cry

Don't make a grown man cry
My eyes dilate
My lips go green
My hands are greasy
She's a mean, mean machine
Start it up.

Start me up
And you've got to, you've got to
Never, never, never stop
Start it up
Oh baby won't you start it up
Never, never, never
You make a grown man cry
You make a grown man cry
You make a grown man cry
Ride like the wind
At double speed
I'll take you places that you've never,
never seen
Start it up.

Start it up
Love the day when we will never
stop, never stop
No never, never stop.

Tough me up
Never stop, never stop.
You, you, you make a grown man
cry
You, you make a grown man cry
You, you, you make a grown man
cry.

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SAUSALITO SUMMERNIGHT

(As recorded by Diesel)

LUCIAN MARC BOON
ROBERT VUNDERINK

We left for 'Frisco in your rambler
The radiator runnin' dry
I've never been much of a gambler
And had a preference to fly.

You said, "forget about the airline
Let's take the car and save the fare"
We blew a gasket on the grapevine
And eighty dollars on repairs.

All on board
(Sausalito summernight)
All on board
(Sausalito summernight).

Hot summernight in Sausalito
Can't stand the heat another mile
Let's drop a quarter in the meter
And hit the sidewalk for a while
I'll have a burger and a root beer
You feed the heap some multigrade
A shot of premium to boot, dear

Will get her 'cross the golden gate.
(Repeat chorus)
Another mile or two to 'Frisco
Two hundred gallons from L.A.
The engine's stompin' like a disco
We oughta dump her in the bay.
(Repeat chorus)

Cashin' all my checks
Scrapin' out my bank
Spend it on a rambler
With a whirlpool in the tank
Look out overhere
Watch out overthere
Can't afford a blow-out
'Cause we haven't got a spare.
(Repeat chorus)

Hot summernight in Sausalito
(Sausalito summernight)
Hot summernight in Sausalito
(Sausalito summernight)
Hot summernight in Sausalito
(Sausalito summernight).

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SAY GOODBYE TO HOLLYWOOD

(As recorded by Billy Joel)

BILLY JOEL

Bobby's drivin' through the city
tonight
Through the lights in a hot new rent-
a-car
He joins the lovers in his heavy
machine
It's a scene down on Sunset
Boulevard.

Say goodbye to Hollywood
Say goodbye to my baby
Say goodbye to Hollywood
Say goodbye to my baby.
Johnny's takin' care of things for a
while
And his style is so right for
troubadours
They got him sitting with his back to
the door
Now he won't be my fast gun
anymore.

Say goodbye to Hollywood
Say goodbye to my baby
Say goodbye to Hollywood
Say goodbye to my baby.
Movin' on is a chance that you take
Any time you try to stay together
Whoa

Say a word out of line
And you find that the friends you
had

Are gone forever, forever
So many faces in and out of my life
Some will last
Some will just be now and then
Life is a series of hellos and
goodbyes
I'm afraid it's time for goodbye
again.

Say goodbye to Hollywood
Say goodbye to my baby
Say goodbye to Hollywood
Say goodbye to my baby.
Movin' on is a chance that you take
Any time you try to stay together
Whoa

Say a word out of line
And you find that the friends you
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Are gone forever, forever
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Some will last
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Life is a series of hellos and
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I'm afraid it's time for goodbye again
Say goodbye to Hollywood
Say goodbye to my baby.

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There is no doubt that the rise of England's Adam & the Ants is further proof of the New Right's ascendance. Behind his elaborate pirates-and-Indians shtick, Adam is a firm believer in the work ethic. As we sit in his hotel room, hovering above the New York City traffic, the industrious Mr. Ant is filling me in on the follow-up album to the surprisingly successful **Kings of the Wild Frontier, Prince Charming.**

"The new album's a whole new project, a brand-new look," he tells me. "It's a bit more dandy than this." Adam points to his widely-copied double-breasted buccaneer jacket. "It's a little bit more European, French. Yeah, French. We're trying to broaden out by incorporating the things which have made the sound a success, and, at the same time, pushing ourselves even more musically. There's brass on **Prince Charming.** And it's very classical style brass, not just wailing saxes or something. We've tried to make it sound very natural, like it belongs there."

While Adam & the Ants' multiple percussion parts and jumpy rhythms seem to come naturally, their self-conscious image smacks of commercial calculation. Was Adam convinced he had to create a new package to sell each succeeding elpee?

"I don't think people realize just how difficult it is to have a winning formula," insists Adam. "One that is not only commercially successful, but gives kids a lot of pleasure, also. And then, have to say, 'Ok, I've done that for nine months of my life and probably five months of yours, but now I think I want to push you and me by taking another risk.' Because that's what each new record involves. I do five or six months research on a look."

Did this mean Adam was forsaking the style which launched him in the first place as post-punk rock's answer to Errol Flynn crossed with Tonto?

"I think that the American Indian identification was a spiritual thing which will be inside me until the day I die," states Adam, as I notice his exotic, high cheekbones and ruddy hair. "I'm trying to attain knowledge about the culture, because it gives me pleasure and strength. My interest in tribal music has to do with dance. I want to use the beat for a refreshing, tantalizing thing, not just that 4/4 stuff. The piracy thing is expressed mainly in the grace of the clothes, which during an age of depression and austerity, is purely and deliberately escapist. I have to be that way because I am an optimist. I won't accept art being used as a vehicle for politics, which is

Adam Ant: "I do five or six months research on a look."



ADAM & THE ANTS

GOING IN STYLE

Fashion Conscious Band Ask: Can You See The Real Me?

by Roy Trakin

happening in the United Kingdom now and, I think, is heavily responsible for the riots. It's very scary. I prefer to believe in the Hollywood view of history."

Was there anything beyond the hedonistic joy of the moment for Adam's fans to glean from his music?

"I don't want to be a preacher," protests Adam. "I'm not interested in politics because they're irrelevant to life. They're out of our control. The only thing I have to offer the community as an artist is a service, a luxury item for people

in their relaxing hours. I don't want to remind them of the problems they've got. I want to make them smile and forget those problems for an hour or two. It all depends on how important you think show business is to society. I think there are certain heroic characters in my experience — from Alice Cooper to Bryan Ferry to Clint Eastwood to Robert De Niro to Marlon Brando — who have created certain hopes that I found glamorous, which helped me develop as an artist and a human being."

But just when Adam started to

"I'm Joe Public, see. I believe in
mass taste."



get insufferably earnest, he touched upon the source of his true appeal. "I think you have to be able to laugh at yourself," smirks Ant. "Any image in popular music, from Elvis on, if you look at it with the sound turned down, is farcical. Rock's just such a narcissistic sport. But you can't listen to the music without something to look at."

And how does Adam avoid that narcissism? Simple, he doesn't.

"That's one of the most exciting things about pop music," he exclaims. "When all the dressing up is taken aside, it revolves around sexuality. A very pure form of sexuality, a very naive form, but not a pornographic form, either. Audiences have a psychology. When you go on, there's a very sexual feeling. I think Jim Morrison said that. When they're getting hot, sweaty, sticky and moving about, it's the closest thing to making love, really. It's a lust for entertainment, a lust for escapism. All I do is try to keep myself in shape by not drinking, smoking or doing drugs. I consider it important because I've got a duty to look good for the people who've paid money to come see the show."

This desire to give the fans their money's worth is actually a sincere gesture by Adam, who performs outdoors later that evening in a driving downpour which doesn't seem to dampen the young crowd's enthusiasm one bit. How did this English group get so popular

seemingly overnight?

"Television," says Adam, matter-of-factly. "We went on **Top of the Pops**, did three minutes of *Dog Eat Dog*, and a quarter of a million people went out and bought that record within the next seven days. Basically, they never stopped."

"People have not only latched onto the look and idea of the band, but they've also gone out and bought — world-wide. We're talking about millions of units — records sold. We're not just about a look. I want to sell a lot of records. It's the only thing one can be judged upon as an artist, because it's a music

"I prefer to believe in the Hollywood view of history."

business ... and I've learned that. I'm not going to let it swallow me up. When I make a record, I do everything, from the music to the packaging.

"I'm Joe Public, see. I believe in mass taste. I think it is something that is very difficult to get, and, until somebody's got it, they can't philosophize about it. If that filmmaker or singer or designer has a mass market for their work, they're doing something right."

The mass marketability of Adam Ant started with his fashionability,

his clothes, though, rather than his music ...

"I think the basis of all good fashion is not what you wear, but the way you wear it," theorizes Adam, running a hand through his thick locks. "What I didn't like in Britain was all the revivals — the 2-Tone thing, the Mod thing. Everybody was looking back to the 60's. I just wanted something that looked very royal. As if someone broke into a castle and nicked as much clothing as he could and put it on. Like we were all the family of a wild nobility. Things just seemed to catch on. All great pop imagery — from Elvis' sideburns, to the Beatles combing their hair over their foreheads — is something that is simple, but very, very effective and beautiful in its own way. It makes people feel sexy."

How about when it's reflected back blindly by the adoring multitudes? Doesn't Adam ever feel contemptuous of his fans' mimicry?

"I think it's a compliment, because it is group thinking," counters Adam. "It's an identification with something that you think is excellent enough or exciting enough to make you want to show other people you're a part of it. I think every young person goes through an imitative period. I know every artist does, but very few are willing to admit it. For a young person, it is a little bit dangerous, but, at the same time, it's beautiful. It's a great compliment. It's like an autograph. I think you've got a duty to sign an autograph. It's only a token of meeting someone you like. I'd ask Liberace for his."

"The important thing is to keep your privacy, because, despite the fact that I spend 90% of my time in front of the public, who do give me my living, there has to be a certain degree of mystery between artist and audience. If they know exactly what you're gonna look and sound like on your next album, you're going downhill. I'd like to avoid that if possible."

So, Adam remains a bit of an enigma, his sly androgyny attracting admirers of both sexes as he sings in *The Magnificent Five*: "They believe in sex and looking good/With their own brand of music/They weren't pandering/So which side of the fence/Are you on?"* Hunh, Adam?

"Sex should be a pure thing," he says. "I don't associate with pornography because it's ugly. Having been influenced by (playwright) Joe Orton, I believe, if there's any anarchy, let's make it sexual rather than political. Otherwise, it's too scary ..."□



Prince Charming and his band in concert: "All great pop imagery — from Elvis' sideburns to the Beatles combing their hair over their foreheads — is something that is simple, but very, very effective and beautiful in its own way. It makes people feel sexy."

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK

Songstress Gets It Out Of Her System On Physical.

by Charley Crespo

"One of my first reviews in England for one of my records was 'she can't sing but she'd make a great air hostess or model,'" Olivia Newton-John said, a bit unnerved, perhaps, but maintaining her composure. "I think that really got to me because I wanted to prove that I could sing and that I did have some talent. Deep down I've always wanted to prove that, but it isn't a conscious thing."

Olivia Newton-John has heard more than one person tell her she's beautiful. Even after a string of international hit records, Grammy Awards and two starring roles in movie musicals, the English-born, Australian-raised entertainer still tries to prove she's more than just another pretty face.

"I don't think of myself as beautiful," she said. "I'm not very conscious of my looks. As a little girl I was quite shy, so I tried to develop a personality rather than just relying on my face. Relying on your physical attributes can be very dangerous if you don't develop a personality. I've seen it happen so many times."

Nevertheless, the face is unmistakable. The slender blonde with the eternal smile is the heartthrob of thousands, a simple person with an image as pure and wholesome as the summer breeze. Yet her attraction goes beyond the physical. Olivia's even disposition is non-demanding, her warmth is real and comforting.

Ask Olivia about the kinds of things that make her happy and she'll tell

you it's waking up and seeing the sun shining and being greeted by her dogs. After years where a successful show business career kept her constantly on the move, making records, movies and personal appearances, Olivia took time off to acquaint herself with the simple things in life. While her peers were out working, she was out hiking in the Sierras, water skiing, playing tennis and visiting places like the Statue of Liberty.

Olivia has decided to get back to work now. Except the soundtrack to *Xanadu*, where she shared vinyl with the Electric Light Orchestra, *Physical* is her first full album in years. *Physical* reflects her changing taste in music. While she first hit the charts with country & western flavored pop songs, her new music is going in another direction, with louder and more prevalent lead guitar licks and heavier drums propelling the tunes.

"The album is more rock and roll than I've done before," observed the 32-year-old resident of Malibu, California. "It's a slightly different choice of material than a few years ago. It's exciting for me to do something really new. I love all kinds of music, but I never cared much for rock until recently. Now I enjoy it more."

Olivia mentioned that she's been listening to Pat Benatar, Foreigner and other rock artists.

"I didn't start out to be a country singer. That just happened because of the material the producers chose for me," Olivia ex-

plained. "We were looking for a direction in the beginning and my voice and style were best suited for country-rock ballads. I didn't realize there was such a distinction between country music and any other kind of music until I came to America and saw all these different charts."

"I'm not consciously trying to appeal to any audience when I make an album. I just do the songs

that I like."

The songs that she likes now include *The Promise* (*The Dolphin Song*), one of two songs she co-wrote for *Physical*. The song vents her humanitarian concern regarding the rampant slaughter of dolphins and whales. Olivia, an animal lover, first made her feelings known four years ago when she canceled a Japanese concert tour as a protest against the slaugh-



Belting it out with Andy Gibb and Elton John: "I love all kinds of music, but I never cared much for rock until recently."

ter on the high seas by Japanese fishing crews.

"It wasn't anything personal against the Japanese. I would have done it if it was America or wherever it was, but it was the first time I'd really become aware of what was going on," she said. "Since then I've read books, and I've become very interested in it.

"I wrote this song thinking it would be a nice way to try to introduce people to dolphins and maybe let them realize that there's another intelligent source on this earth, that we're not the only ones, and we should be protecting these creatures, learning from them rather than destroying them. The same with whales.

"The earth is a huge place and two-thirds is water. The whales and the dolphins have been here a lot longer than we have. They must have an incredible knowledge. They have a brain as large or larger than ours. We don't know what their intelligence is because we haven't tapped it yet. We can't tap it; they're too quick in their

Because of this academic upbringing, her decision to leave school didn't come easily. Upon winning a talent contest at the age of 15, Olivia was awarded a trip to England. For the next two years she stayed there, performing as part of a duo with another Australian girl in cabarets and BBC television shows. When the other girl's visa expired, Olivia stayed on to do more TV shows and began recording. While she had several English and Australian hits, it wasn't until 1973 that she made a name for herself in the States with *Let Me Be There*. The film version of *Grease*, where she sang and starred with John Travolta, took her right over the top. *You're The One That I Want*, *Summer Nights* and *Hopelessly Devoted To You* were hits, and the film was the most successful musical ever made, grossing more than \$150 million in international rentals to date.

Olivia's next film role will be in an Australian drama based on a book by D.H. Lawrence. She'd like to do drama and comedy roles

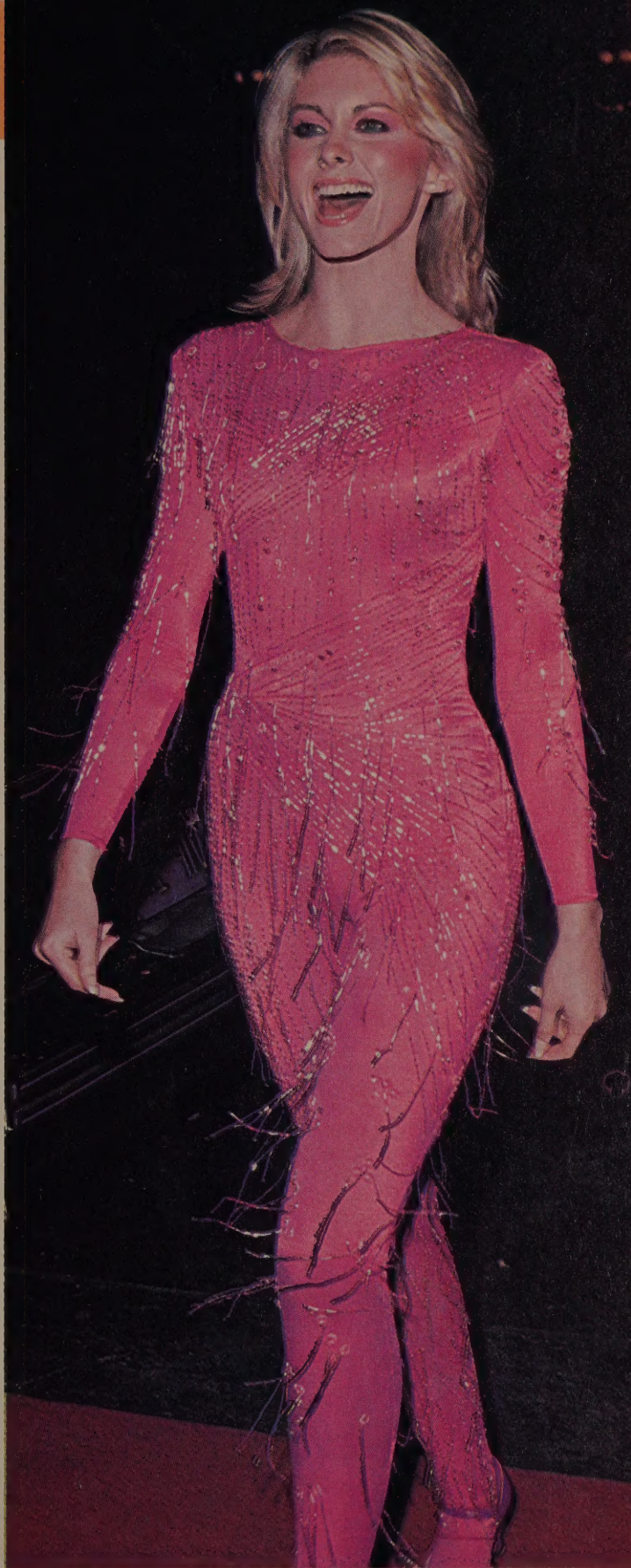
"I will bow out gracefully before it bows out on me."

minds and their language is too hard, but I think one day we can break that down. It's exciting. We've gone to the moon but never to the ocean."

If the song makes her sound more like a scholar than an entertainer, Olivia isn't worried. Although she left school to pursue a show-business career on Australian TV, she comes from an academic background. Max Born, the Nobel prize-winning German physicist, was her grandfather, and her father was principal of Ormond College in Melbourne.

for a while rather than musicals, and does not want to do another concert tour. As a child she thought that if she couldn't be an entertainer she'd like to be a mounted policewoman, so she could get paid to ride horses. She doesn't make long range plans anymore.

"I used to think, when I was 20, that it would be over by the time I was 30," she said with a laugh. "Now I'm 32. I don't think I'll be doing the same kind of stuff forever. All I know is I will bow out gracefully before it bows out on me."□



Olivia Newton-John: "Relying on your physical attributes can be very dangerous if you don't develop a personality. I've seen it happen so many times."

Caught IN THE Act

by Toby Goldstein

FOREIGNER

Since their last extensive U.S. tour in 1979, Foreigner have been pared from a six to four-man lineup, but their current program is as musically sturdy as ever. Vocalist Lou Gramm, lead guitarist Mick Jones, bassist Rick Wills and drummer Dennis Elliott are supplemented on the road by three flexible keyboard/guitar/horn players, all of whom sing background vocals. The result is a rare combination for hard rock events — one band that delivers both power and clarity.

Foreigner's show at Binghamton, N.Y.'s Broome County Arena was typical of the sold-out performances the group is playing through April, 1982, an exhausting tour to say the least. Several thousand fans — mainly small-town teenagers with a sprinkling of older college students — pressed close to the stage in a huge open pit area, while others watched the show from bleachers around three of the arena's borders. Although it was a Saturday night, and plenty of boozing was going on, there were no punch 'n' kick incidents which too often mar large rock gatherings. One reason for the cheerful attitude might have been the presence of many girls in the crowd, either clustered in groups, or huddled with their dates. After having seen too many hard-core heavy metal gigs packed full of rowdies with no-

thing better to do than go one-on-one with security, Foreigner's peaceful audience was quite a relief.

However, this crowd was wildly responsive, giving cheers, applause and the inevitable match-lighting for encores. Foreigner played a well-constructed set for over one and a half hours, that spanned their four albums and included every one of the hits. The group is experimenting throughout their tour with different song sequencing, but the combination of *Cold as Ice*, with its stark rhythms, the wailing of *Head Games* and the shouted desperation of *Urgent* was particularly effective.

With each tour Lou Gramm has shown greater strength as an intensely concentrated vocalist. His leads hold gritty notes without breaking, as he stalks the stage like a hungry predator. Guitarist Mick Jones provides a perfect counterpart to Gramm, alternately playing meaty rhythm chords while offering vocal support, then parading across the stage solo with a trail of sweat cascading off his forehead.

Only at odd moments was a listener aware of Ian McDonald or Al Greenwood's absence, such as during the truncated instrumental opening to the ballad *Starrider*. The keyboard leads used to go on forever, but now, played by Bob Mayo and Peter Reilich, they last just long enough



Bob Leafe

Foreigner's lead singer, Lou Gramm, is showing greater strength than ever.

to establish an ethereal mood.

Foreigner is a no-nonsense band, and their straightforward presentation doesn't leave room for any kind of showing off, musical or visual. Their special effects are confined to a small rise of smoke as they begin. There are no drum solos, posturing behavior, rabble-rousing to the crowd, or guitar solos

that don't directly fit the needs of the song.

In fact, when you take a good look at the members of Foreigner onstage, you see four very ordinary-looking people up there, prepared to devote all their energies to proving that commercially acceptable rock and roll can be performed with taste, conviction and genuine enthusiasm. □

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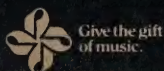
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